

August 30, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Ten-page
feature

WEDDINGS

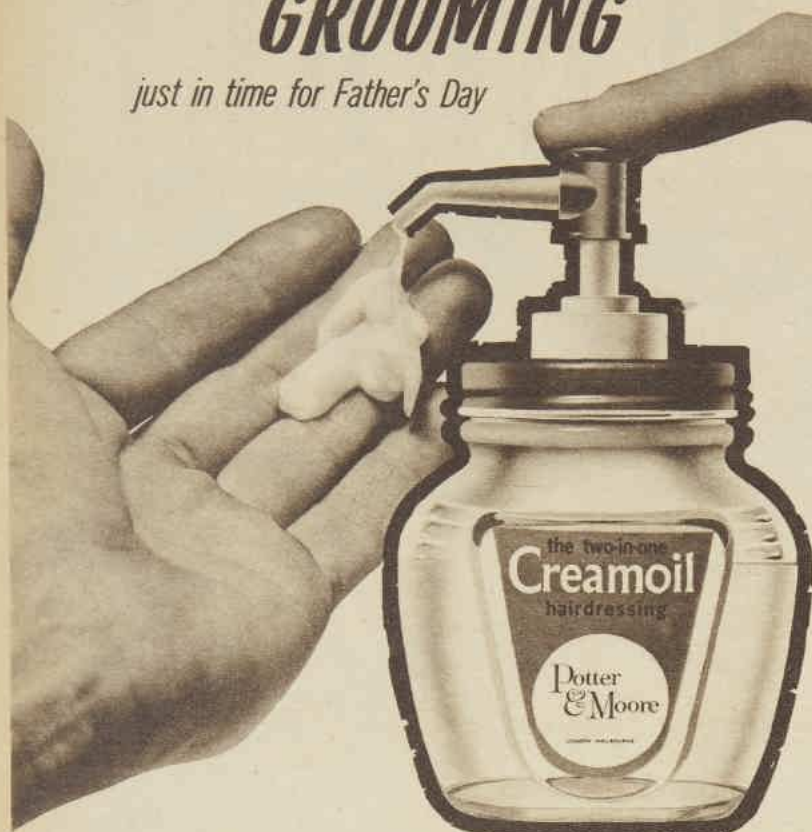
Bridal gowns . . . flowers
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present

PRESS BUTTON GROOMING

just in time for Father's Day



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the NEW hair controller in a new handier dispenser

Delight Dad with this smart new Creamoil Dispenser.

Looks after Dad's comfort: No cap to unscrew! Simply press the button—and presto—out comes just the right amount of Creamoil Hair Cream.

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PM30

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 30, 1961

Vol. 29, No. 13

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● American hairstylist Kenneth, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite hairdresser, has a reassuring word for women who don't like his new "oval cut" (pages 6, 7).

HIS advice: "If you don't think you look well in short hair, to these women I would say, 'Forget styles and wear your hair to suit yourself.'"

Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, who interviewed Mr. Kenneth, told us the hairstylist wears an immense sapphire ring on the little finger of his left hand.

Mr. Kenneth explained: "It's 43 carats and it has a slight flaw. If it didn't, it wouldn't be on me but on the Aga Khan or somebody."

WE feel sure you will enjoy our real-life mother-of-the-bride's description of how she planned a home reception in our "Wedding Day" feature (pages 29 to 39).

Mary Morrow told us that, warned by her dressmaker that mothers of brides usually become flustered, she was determined to remain calm.

As she said: "I was not one of those fluffy, helpless, flapping-hands types of mothers of English drawing-room comedies."

She held so fast to her determination that she became known as "the gentle persuader" as the preparations went ahead.

REMEMBER the cut-out cakes in our December 21 issue last year?

We've received a letter from

a woman in Ceylon saying she made a cake in the shape of a dog for her child's birthday. She wrote: "The cake itself and the design were much admired—most gratifying to myself and The Australian Women's Weekly."

OUR photographers have wide variety in their work.

Keith Barlow, who took the color picture of the wedding buffet on pages 34, 35, says he feels an expert on photographing koalas.

Keith took:
● The picture of the koala on the cover of our 68-page all-color "Australian Nature" book that is now on sale (order coupon, page 45).

● The koala cover picture judged first by readers in our £3000 Cover Contest.

STAFF photographer Ron Berg was amazed at the difficulty the four dancers of the Leningrad Maly Ballet Company found in jumping into the air on sandy Newport Beach, N.S.W., when he took the color picture on the opposite page.

He said: "I'd have thought four Australian housewives could have done better. The dancers obviously found the sand heavy going after stage flooring."

THEME of the short story "The White Dress," by American author Catharine

Our cover

● Five-year-old Andrea Farquhar Middleton, of Barrington, Illinois, U.S.A., in her pretty American-made bridesmaid's dress, introduces our special 10-page Wedding Day feature, pages 29 to 39.

Andrea, who is sometimes called "Sausage" or "Lamb Chop" by her family, came to Australia with her mother, Mrs. Douglas Middleton.

She was bridesmaid at the wedding of Mrs. Middleton's brother, Mr. Wallace Farquhar, of "Goon," Spring Ridge, and Miss Nancye Nixon, of Tamworth, in Sydney recently.

Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Boyd (page 22), is a controversial one.

It's one (we don't want to give the story away) that many parents have had to face up to.

Catharine Boyd is a comparatively new writer in America. Her stories have a tremendous feeling for the goodness of family life.

She herself is very much a family woman. With her husband, three children, three Persian cats, and a French poodle, she lives in Berwyn, Pennsylvania.

NEXT WEEK: £2000 Hardboard in the Home Contest—First 20 progress prize winners in our Home Contest, which has a Grand Champion prize of £1000 . . . Fruit For Everybody—In color, fruit the home gardener can grow, with advice on planting and care. More features in our next issue, page 4.

Russian dancers' holiday . .



OFF DUTY, these four Russian ballet dancers take the opportunity for limbering up on Newport Beach. From left: Nonna Zhestovskaya, Henrietta Melnikova, Nadeshda Tichonova, and Svetlana Fadiyeva.

● "Where should I buy a swimsuit to take back to Russia?" "How does that woman get that purple hair to match her dress?" "Will it wash out?"

. . in Sydney

FOR once the boot was definitely on the other foot. So often it is I who want to know all the answers, but now I was being bombarded with questions, questions, questions.

On one of their few free Sundays the 50-strong Leningrad Maly Ballet Company had invited staff photographer Ron Berg and me to accompany them on a bus tour of Sydney's northern beaches.

I was seated at the back of the bus between the company's official interpreter, Varvara Krivokorneva, and a fair-haired lad in a blue raincoat, his ear glued to a Russian transistor radio blaring out pop records from a local Sydney station.

Through Varvara I was able to explain that the woman with the hair dyed to match her dress could wash the color out with five or six washes.

The men of the company didn't like the purple hair, and thought they would like even less the shocking-pink and strawberry-blond shades which I told them they could see near their Kings Cross hotel if they kept their eyes open.

Color rinses are apparently unknown in Russia. Hair dyes are confined to black and blond.

In one corner of the bus, looking very sad-eyed, sat the wardrobe mistress, a small plump

woman severely clad in a grey flannel suit, grey matching beret, and a blue shirt-blouse.

Maria Safonova is a grandmother and is sorely missing her little grandson, even though her absence from Russia on this Australian tour amounts to only seven weeks.

As soon as we alighted from the coach at Palm Beach, Madame Safonova made for a little boy, Anthony Lyne, of St. Ives, who was enjoying the sunshine with his parents.

She chuckled him under the chin, making little cooing noises and whispering to him in Russian. Anthony, not understanding a word,

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

nevertheless beamed at Madame Safonova's kindly face.

The rubbernecking, souvenir-hunting American tourist has nothing on the relaxing, rubbernecking Russian sightseer. Practically every member of the company had either a color or movie camera around his or her neck.

We made frequent stops—at Church Point, Newport Beach, Palm Beach, and some of

the scenic headlands—while the dancers cycled away with cameras. On the sand some of them practised throwing boomerangs.

Only one of them, Albert Shamarin, could be persuaded to brave the Palm Beach surf; it was done amid applause from the rest of us, who were mostly too cold even to remove our coats.

Even on a relaxed day the company never seem to forget they are ballet dancers. Four, Nonna Zhestovskaya, Henrietta Melnikova, Nadeshda Tichonova, and Svetlana Fadiyeva, eventually shed their coats to leap along the sands to limber up.

Normally the company do most of their eating early in the day, their last main meal being at 3 p.m.—with plenty of fruit, meat, yoghurt, and weak tea.

But on this day they kept Australian meal-times. Incidentally, they heartily approve of the traditional Aussie breakfast of steak and eggs.

Anyway, they were all ready for the 1.30 lunch which had been laid on for them at a restaurant overlooking the sea between Palm Beach and Whale Beach.

Their choreographer, Petr Gusev, does not

allow them to drink alcohol on their dancing days, but on this day they relaxed with wine and cognac, taken with hearty helpings of steak, chicken, vegetables, fruit salad, cream, and ice-cream.

After the meal Elizabethan Trust director Neil Hutchison brought delighted applause when he made a lengthy speech in Russian. He had been studying to make it for more than three weeks.

Unlike the rather sombre trade delegations from the Soviet Union I'd met while reporting exhibitions and trade-union and political meetings in London, these dancers were laughing, natural, and uninhibited.

And despite the efficiency of Varvara, the interpreter, I was regretful and frustrated at not being able to communicate directly.

From the roars of laughter in the coach coming back I was obviously missing a good deal of Russian wit.

The laughter was particularly hearty when I tried to tell a group of male dancers how to ask an Australian girl for a date—although none of the company, men or women, is allowed to make individual dates during the tour.

The day had begun with questions, and it ended the same way. Last thing Varvara asked me as I left the bus: "Please can you tell me where we can find a reliable dentist? One of the girls has toothache."

Color Souvenir of the Maly Company—Pages 10, 11

NEXT WEEK

Five Smart Handbags for Spring

● Easy-to-follow directions for making five smart, inexpensive handbags to match or contrast with your new spring outfits are a special feature in our next issue.

Approximate cost of materials you'll need to make the bags is from £1/4/9 to the most expensive at £2/1/5.

Three of the handbags are to crocheted, one is to make in strawcloth, and the fifth—large enough to use as a shopper—is to quilt in silk.



Handbag to crochet

See them in our next issue and you'll want to start making them at once to be right in handbag fashion for spring.

SPECTACULAR DESSERTS

— Four-page pull-out

● Recipes for summer sweets—colorful and delicious—are in a four-page pull-out in our next issue.

Included are suggestions the family will enjoy; others to serve on special occasions. Among them are Sunshine Ambrosia, Strawberry Bavarian, Shimmering Dreams.

They are the pick of the best dessert recipes in a four-page color-illustrated pull-out section to keep in your cookery files.

Paris hemlines —by night

● Evening hemlines in the new Paris collections have seldom been so varied.

A two-page fashion feature next week shows the Paris designs you'll want to know about when planning your new dance dress.

NEW-SEASON FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

● Your spring shopping is made easy with four pages of pictures of the new fashions you can buy in the shops.

Dresses—day and evening—include couture-designed models as well as budget-priced fashions. With each is the price and where it is available.

TRAMS (ten of them!) down on the farm

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● The view from "Carribee Farm," near Bowral, N.S.W., is spectacular—rolling hills carrying stock, bush, and trams. Trams everywhere.



"TEN trams," said Sam Stirling, Sydney company director and "Carribee Farm" proprietor, sweeping an arm round the horizon. "Positioned wherever they'll be most useful."

Useful for what?

"Cheap cupboard space," said Mr. Stirling. "If you don't have trams you have to build sheds. It takes a lot of time and money to build sheds. Now, trams . . ."

Purchased from the Transport Department in Sydney, they cost about £50 each.

Trams are not too much trouble to transport. For £55 each they travel happily by truck to "Carribee Farm." For another £5 they sit like lambs on simple concrete blocks.

"Besides," said Mr. Stirling, "sheds spoil the look of the landscape. I like trams."

"They're doing a good job of work, too. That one by the sheepyards is handy for sheep-dip and foot-rot cure. The one by the stable is the harness room. I've planned one for an office."

"There's one near the cattle yard for fodder and fencing material. Over there—you can't see it from here—there's the last tram that ever ran in Sydney, for odds and ends. Then there's . . ."

"What about OUR tram, Daddy?" asked Amber Stirling.

ALL ABOARD (above): The Stirling family—Susan, Mrs. Stirling, Amber, Diana, Mr. Stirling, "Pushie."



CUBBY TRAM: Diana, Susan, and Amber get ready for a tea party in the tram that's their very own.



ing, aged eight. "It's the most!"

Tram No. 1863, which belongs to the five Stirling children, is the belle of the batch. The oldest—about 25 years old—it's the only one with three compartments and some seats left in it, which makes it ideal for a cubbyhouse.

Into it the children, Pushie, 13, Diana and Robert, 11, Susan, 10, and Amber, have put a good deal of work and contriving.

"We planted shrubs all round to make it prettier," said Diana, "and we're going to put in bunks and the piano."

It holds a lot already—toys, sports gear, furniture, and crockery. "Whenever something's missing from the kitchen," said Mrs. Stirling, "I look for it in the tram."

A tram tea-party is the social function down on the farm. And manners must be watched. "Do not spit in the car. Penalty £2," warns the notice in the "sitting-room." "Do not lean out the windows" and "Please tender correct fare" are also plain for guests to read.

More coming

A lucky guest is allowed to work the "destination roll" from the driver's compartment, to roll it past signs of "Bondi," "Maroubra," till the destination on the front reads "Carribee Farm."

This special roll was presented to the children by Mr. Norman Boxall, secretary of the New South Wales Tramway Historical Association.

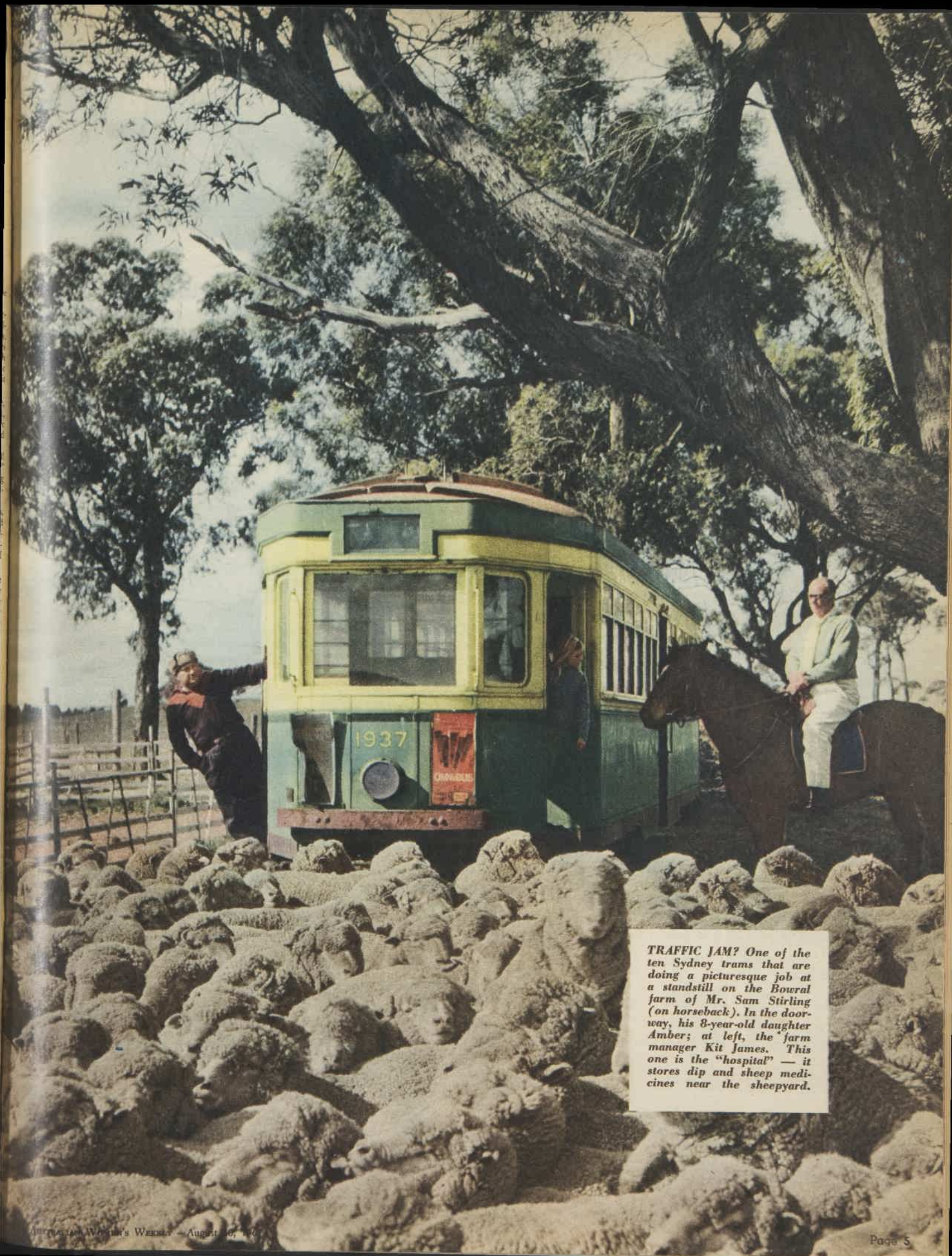
He deplores that some of the old Sydney trams have been burnt and is particularly happy that at least ten have been put out to grass in such clover as the Stirling farm.

Mr. Stirling (who is chairman of directors of the international firm Ready-Mixed Concrete Ltd.) is so happy with the trams that he has ordered another ten for his newest property, "Greenstead," 19 miles from "Carribee."

And, as luck would have it, the next batch will include the second-to-last tram that ran in Sydney, the third-to-last tram, and the last tram to carry mail.

"Geel!" said Amber. "We're going to have lots of trams."

HARNESS ROOM: Farm manager Kit James makes good use of this tram. Other occupants: Amber and one of the sheepdogs.



TRAFFIC JAM? One of the ten Sydney trams that are doing a picturesque job at a standstill on the Bowral farm of Mr. Sam Stirling (on horseback). In the doorway, his 8-year-old daughter Amber; at left, the farm manager Kit James. This one is the "hospital" — it stores dip and sheep medicines near the sheepyard.

£300 in PRIZES

YOU now have more chances to win a prize in our **CROZZLE**, which is a puzzle within a crossword. The prizes are:

• £100 for top score. (In the event of a tie for top score, the £100 will be divided among the tied entrants after elimination according to condition 5.)

• £200 divided evenly among all entries with the next four highest scores and any tied entry eliminated from the top score. (Condition 5 also applies.)

Send as many entries as you like, provided each is filled in on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. So if you have sent in two or more entries which are among those sharing the prizemoney, your entries will win two or more shares. These entries can be identical.

CLOSING DATE for Crozzle No. 9, Sept. 13.

HOW TO DO IT:

With each puzzle a blank crossword grid is published and a list of words relating to one subject. This week it's islands of the world.

Make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words in the list. Remember, you may use only the words supplied, and you may use them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword. It doesn't have to fall into any set pattern or be symmetrical. But words along the same line, whether across or down, must be separated by a black square except where their letters interlock.

(Sample Crozzle, below, is a useful guide.)

CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 9 must be received by September 13 and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 9," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.

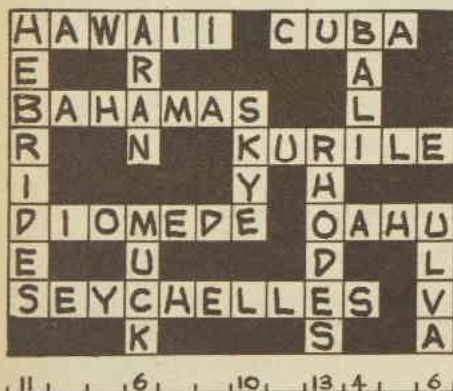
3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Words in the list may be used **ONCE ONLY**.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie, the entries will share the prizemoney.

6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of August 2.

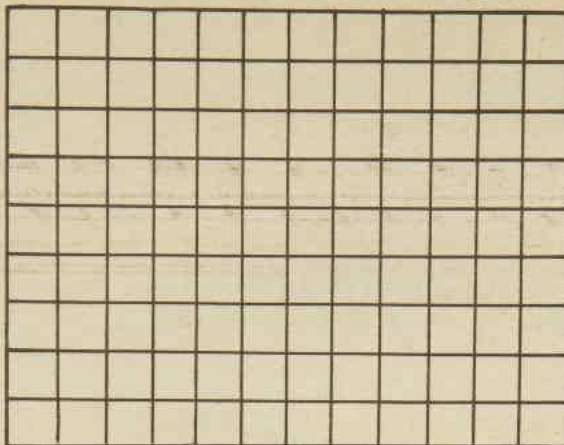
Sample Crozzle



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 50
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 140
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY. 190

• Winners of Crozzle No. 5, entries for which closed on August 16, will be announced in our next issue.

CROZZLE No. 9



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

SCORING

For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another word going down.

The sample CROZZLE on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters.	3-point letters.	6-point letters.	12-point letters.
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

Word list for Crozzle No. 9

3 LETTERS	5 LETTERS	Ellice	Madeira	Windward
Hoy	Arran	Hawaii	Majorca	Zanzibar
Man	Caldy	Honshu	Maldive	
Okai	Capri	Jersey	Minorea	9 LETTERS
Rat	Chios	Kurile	Molokai	Admiralty
Rum	Cocos	Lipari	Nicobar	Ascension
Yap	Corfu	Midway	Norfolk	Christmas
	Crete	Orkney	Galapagos	Greenland
	Ellis	Pimona	Reunion	Manhattan
	Farne	Rhodes	Society	Marquesas
Aran	Faroe	Scilly	Solomon	Mauritius
Bali	Haiti	Sicily	Sumatra	Nantucket
Bute	Kauai	Staten		Raratonga
Cook	Leyte	Tahiti	8 LETTERS	Singapore
Cuba	Luzon	Tobago	Alderney	Vancouver
Elba	Malta	Virgin	Aleutian	
Fiji	Nauru		Anglesey	
Guam	Pelew	7 LETTERS	Antilles	10 LETTERS
Holy	Samoa	Antigua	Balearic	Dodecanese
Iona	Samos	Bahamas	Barbados	Heligoland
Java	Spice	Bermuda	Caroline	Hispaniola
King	Timor	Celebes	Falkland	Madagascar
Long	Tiree	Channel	Flinders	Martinique
Maui	Tonga	Chatham	Guernsey	Micronesia
Muck	Wight	Corsica	Hebrides	Philippine
Mull		Diomedes	Kangaroo	Seychelles
Oahu	6 LETTERS	Fanning	Moluccas	
Sark	Azores	Formosa	Lindisfarne	11 LETTERS
Skye	Borneo	Gilbert	Pitcairn	Pantelleria
Sylt	Canary	Iceland	Sardinia	Spitsbergen
Ulva	Ceylon	Ireland	Shetland	
	Cyprus	Leeward	Tasmania	12 LETTERS
	Easter	Loyalty	Thursday	Bougainville
			Trinidad	Newfoundland

Another Crozzle next week

Jackie Kennedy's



A NEW YORKER models the oval style, also called the Romantic Look.

New hairdos

• Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite hairdresser has been forced to give up an intended visit to Australia because his famous client couldn't spare him long enough.

"MR. KENNETH," in whose exclusive New York salon some of the world's fairest and most fashionable women get their hair shorn, is making a flying tour of the East on behalf of a U.S. women's magazine.

He's now coiffing the most prominent woman in each of six countries in Asia and Africa.

The countries and the respective "first ladies" are: MOROCCO: Her Royal Highness Princess Lalla Aisha, daughter of the Sultan of Morocco.

JORDAN: Her Ladyship Muna Hussein, wife of King Hussein.

PERSIA: Queen Farah. INDIA: A Maharani, not yet chosen.

THAILAND: Her Majesty Queen Sirikit.

NEPAL: Her Majesty Queen Ratna Rajya Lakshmi Devi Shah.

The magazine's intention had been to send Kenneth, with a photographer and writer, from Bangkok to Australia. There Dame Pattie Menzies had been considered as a possible subject for Kenneth's artistry.

"Alas, Mrs. Kennedy set an absolute deadline for Ken-

neth's return," one of the planners told me. "So the magazine decided to do the feature around Oriental women only and leave Australia out of it this time."

The day before Kenneth left on his globe-trotting tour, I went to beard him in his fashionable lair at the Lilly Dache Building, just off Park Avenue.

It had taken four days to arrange the interview, and telephone girls and secretaries had spoken reverently of "Mr. Kenneth." (Like Napoleon, the top-drawer hairdressers prefer to be known by their Christian names only.)

I had expected to meet an emperor of the salons. Indeed, Kenneth did turn out to bear a striking resemblance to Bonaparte — short, full-lipped, hyperactive, with a receding forehead set off, instead of by Napoleonic curls, by a tuft of hair projecting down the middle like a bow-sprit.

Former pianist

But the arbiter of milady's crowning glory introduced himself as Kenneth Battelle, and he turned out to be an affable fellow in his late thirties. Ten years ago, as a piano player, he left Syracuse in upstate New York, to seek his fortune in the big city.

When he slipped into Man-

hairdresser will give an "oval cut"



QUEEN RATNA, who has an appointment with Kenneth when he reaches Nepal.



MUNA, wife of the King of Jordan (she was formerly Toni Avril Gardiner).



QUEEN FARAH of Persia used to wear this distinctive hairdo—the "Farah style."

for these First Ladies

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff



Jacqueline Kennedy

Dache's office, where we had our interview (his own office was useless—"Too many interruptions"), he was impeccably dressed in a tight-fitting suit with narrow Ivy League shoulders, a distinctive pink shirt with a contrasting white collar, and a grey tie.

I brought up the subject of Jackie Kennedy's bouffant hairdos. While he did not deny that the First Lady was his client, he quickly warned that he would "not say one word about her."

Yet everyone knows the routine. When Mrs. Kennedy needs Kenneth, she sends an Air Force turbo-prop to bring him to the White House or to Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, where she has been spending the summer.

He is tied to Mrs. Kennedy, and to a few other celebrated clients, by bonds even tighter

than a doctor to his patient. Off on holiday, or out to the theatre for the evening, he must leave his telephone number with his office. Like a doctor with his bag, he is never separated from his scissors, comb, curlers, and lotions.

"I love the surf, so I took a cottage at East Hampton (a fashionable resort far out on Long Island) for six weeks," Kenneth told me. "And I actually managed to spend five days in it."

"I had scarcely arrived there when Judy Garland called. She was giving an open-air concert in the tennis stadium at Forest Hills, and she needed me to do her hair."

"So I drove into the city—three hours—and did her hair. Then it started to rain and the concert was put off to the next night. So I stayed over to do her hair again the following day."

"Back at East Hampton, I had scarcely got into my shorts when Marilyn Monroe's secretary rang up. Marilyn was flying back to Hollywood and couldn't face the trip without my help."

"She sent her car from the city for me, and I went in and set her hair and drove back out with her to see her off at the airport."

The next conveyance to snatch Kenneth away from his quiet holiday was even more glamorous—the "turbo-jet" dispatched by his nameless client.

Despite the mix-up this time, Kenneth says he would like to visit Australia soon.

"I've been curious about your country since childhood," he said, "and I've dreamed about Bondi Beach for years." (He pronounced it "Bondee.")

Supplementing the bouffant hairdo, which he successfully promoted years ago, Kenneth's new style offering for autumn '61 (that's September here) is the "oval cut."

This is particularly well suited to the girls at Bondi, in Kenneth's opinion.

Platform bow

The oval cut, previewed at El Morocco Club three weeks ago, creates a rather egg-shaped line by drawing the hair down on the forehead and sides, and lifting it rather high on the crown.

"It's curly, but doesn't look it," explained Kenneth. "It is brushed a lot after setting. It doesn't look waved. It just bends in the right directions."

The back of Kenneth's hair designs is short, but never clipped and never shingled. The "platform bow" is an innovation of his. It consists of a big ribbon or velvet bow attached to a little bandeau making it stand straight up, yet not disturbing the lift of the hair.

"If her hair is well cut, an Australian girl can come out of the surf, or off the tennis court, and still look extremely presentable after a simple comb-out," Kenneth said.

"The important thing is to ask the hairdresser for a blunt haircut with as little layering as possible."



MR KENNETH, short, active, looks rather like Napoleon.



QUEEN SIRIKIT of Thailand, chic and gay.



NOW IT'S DARK
AND LUSTROUS

rich
deep-toned
cottons
with the
softness
of silk!

DESIGNED FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN !

A rich colourful look—yet so quietly luxurious. How is it done? By weaving sumptuous hues with undertones of black! The result? This exciting new feeling of colour called "Dark and Lustrous." Not nearly as costly as it looks. Available in long sleeves from 59/9; short sleeves priced from 55/9.



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● Stealthy fingers scoop items from the counter into a roomy bag. Women shoplifters outnumber men, but they take the smaller items. Most are criminals; the hard-luck case is rare.

THE SHOPLIFTER—

Artful thief who's doubled last year's take

● Shoplifting is on the increase. One of the large retailing companies reports that its shoplifting losses in the first half of this year were double the losses for the first half of 1960.

ALTHOUGH this increase is unusually steep, shoplifting has been a growing social disease over a number of years, and the problem is Australia-wide.

The increased unemployment, tightening of credit, and general shortage of money could account for the recent rapid rise.

But most stores attribute the longer-term rise to modern methods of merchandising, with the goods on open display.

Spokesman for a large Sydney department store told me: "Thirty years ago everything was displayed behind glass counters. If customers wanted to see other goods they asked for them, and the goods were placed on the counter from boxes and drawers behind the assistant's head."

"One store detective could cope with the occasional cases of shoplifting."

"Now we have to employ ten security officers. We have two men who are ex-C.I.B. officers, and eight women."

Boy's present

Store managers are naturally reticent about their losses, but when I promised them anonymity when writing of their problems I found them ready enough to talk.

One told me: "About 95 per cent. of the shoplifters we get are occasional or habitual criminals."

"We rarely get a case like the little boy who stole pipe tobacco from a suburban branch because he had no money to buy a present for

Father's Day, or the old man who had no socks, tie, or shaving tackle, and stole these to preserve self-respect."

A department-store spokesman confirmed that most of their shoplifters have planned their operations; few act on impulse.

"I won't tell you all the ingenious dodges the clever amateurs and the professionals get up to, as those who don't know might get ideas. But there are plenty of common ones."

"For instance, there's the fitting-room thief. She'll take a selection of, say, four dresses to try on. While the assistant is busy with another customer she'll pretend to try on the four; then she'll walk out saying she doesn't like them."

By
WINIFRED
MUNDAY

"The assistant goes back and finds only three. The customer is wearing one of the new dresses under her own old one."

"Another trick is to try on two dresses, then switch the tickets and pay, say, five guineas for a ten-guinea dress."

Stores' readiness to exchange things can help the confidence trickster. She may go into the store and steal something one day, and return next day, saying that it doesn't fit or the color isn't right, and demand her money back.

The assistant may be too busy to check on sales dockets, or may be new to the job.

You'll notice I've referred to "she" when talking of the shoplifter. A manager showed me statistics to prove that women are the chief offenders.

This store's figures break down into 62 per cent. adult women and 21 per cent. juvenile girls, 8 per cent. men, and 9 per cent. boys.

The manager's theory? "Women have more time to shoplift. Men tend to work in

industrialised areas away from shopping centres and start and finish work outside shop-trading hours.

"Women can get around the stores during trading hours, and more of them work in the shopping areas."

But when men are responsible for this offence they are usually the big professional operators. Women mostly indulge in petty pilfering. Men steal the big, expensive things.

The shoplifters most despised by store managers and detectives are those who use children.

Children are taught to steal items and pass them on to their parents. A woman was caught stealing packets of pre-packed meat and hiding them in the clothes of her three-year-old daughter.

Another woman wore a voluminous coat, skirt with elasticised waist, and pants with elasticised top and bottoms in which she concealed several tins of expensive imported salmon.

Electronic eye

Another shoplifter—a man this time—wore a Scout's belt with hooks all round it, and hung his spoils on the hooks under a roomy overcoat.

And what are the stores doing to combat the menace? "We are trying to give better service than ever," they say, "with more assistants and better-trained ones."

"We would also like the public to co-operate in reporting anyone they see acting suspiciously. We get one of our store detectives to follow the person reported till we have enough evidence."

Meanwhile, they are investigating other precautions.

One idea is closed-circuit television. A TV camera in the roof of the store revolves and transmits to the offices what goes on at the counters.

Another idea is one-way glass. Employees in stores' offices can see what is going on in the shop, but customers cannot see into the offices.

Mrs. O'Shea's horse and side-saddle are waiting . . .



MISTRESS of "Spring Valley" used to break her own horses.

By JO WILLIAMS

● Mrs. Minnie O'Shea, who's 86 next birthday, sits on the homestead verandah at "Spring Valley" cattle station, North Queensland, patiently waiting for her leg to mend. "I want to ride a horse again, and get about the place," she says.

MRS. O'SHEA'S side-saddle is there, hanging ready for her — she has never taken to the newfangled style of riding astride.

And her old grey horse, Bobbie, is waiting in the homestead paddock. He hasn't had a saddle on his back for two years — not since his mistress was laid up with an injured hip and leg.

For her there was an endless year in hospital ("No, I don't knit. I don't do any of those things"); since then she has moved about the homestead in a wheelchair.

White-haired, with blue eyes, her face weathered from a lifetime under a hot sun, squatter Anne Amelia O'Shea—"Minnie" to her family—knows and loves every square inch of her land.

Cattle country

"Spring Valley" is hundreds of square miles of open-range cattle country, stretching south of the Walsh River, where it twists through the ranges 100 miles west of Cairns on its way to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Mrs. O'Shea used to ride over "Spring Valley" for days on end, looking for good grass and water to put her cattle on. She has ridden for weeks in the mustering camp, living on corned beef and stews and damper, sleeping in the silent bush.

She has been owner, manager, book-keeper, station-hand, cowboy. She has branded the cattle, broken in the horses. Even the backbreaking job of shoeing a horse wasn't too much for her.

Seasons good or bad, Mrs. O'Shea has welcomed drovers and passers-by to her home. Just as she and her side-saddle are a legend in the Far North, so is her hospitality.

"I took up the first leases here in 1903," she said, "when I married Jim O'Shea. Poor old Jim strained his heart lifting cattle in the dry weather."

"When he died I said to myself, 'Well, I've got three good boys, and they'll stick by me.' And so they did."

The eldest, Jimmy, left school to help his mother look after the station. There was Freddie, who died at 44, and Frank.

Today, Frank O'Shea and his family live on "Cardwell" cattle station, 60 miles away. "I took up that country, too," said his mother.

A few years ago she would saddle up and ride across to visit them.

All around Mrs. O'Shea on the verandah walls of the homestead-on-stilts are colored pictures of family weddings and racehorses—"Spring Valley" horses with trophies won at bush race meetings.

She loves a race meeting, and she's a shrewd punter. She will back her fancy with a fever any time.

Mrs. O'Shea has missed the past two meetings. "I wouldn't have minded if I'd got hurt off a horse," she said.

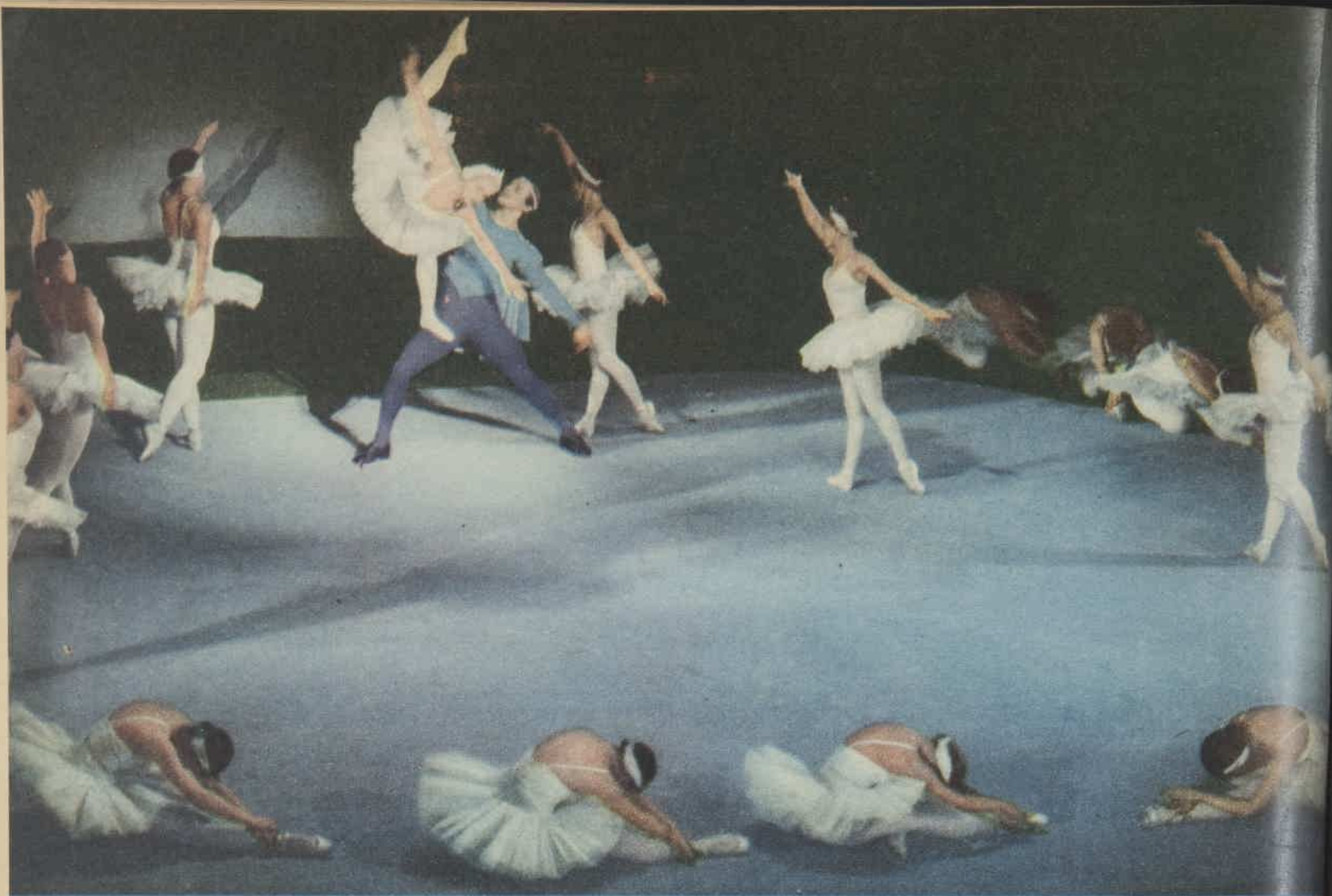
She had come down from her bedroom in the middle of the night to hunt two of the milkers, Darlin' and Jinglebells, away from the front garden, and she slipped and broke her left hip and leg.

She spent a year in the Mareeba Hospital, about 100 miles away. "At one stage they thought I was going to die," she said incredulously.

"They put a pin through my hip and hoisted it up for six months. Now the bones are knitting all right. But this arthritis has got me."

She trundled her wheelchair to her desk on the verandah. "I still do the books, of course," said Mrs. O'Shea. "I've always done the books."

And when there are cattle in the stockyards her sons and grandsons take her up there. She stands erect, holding on to the rails, weighing in her mind the bullocks that are to go off, comparing this year's calves with last year's—or the calves of 50 years ago.

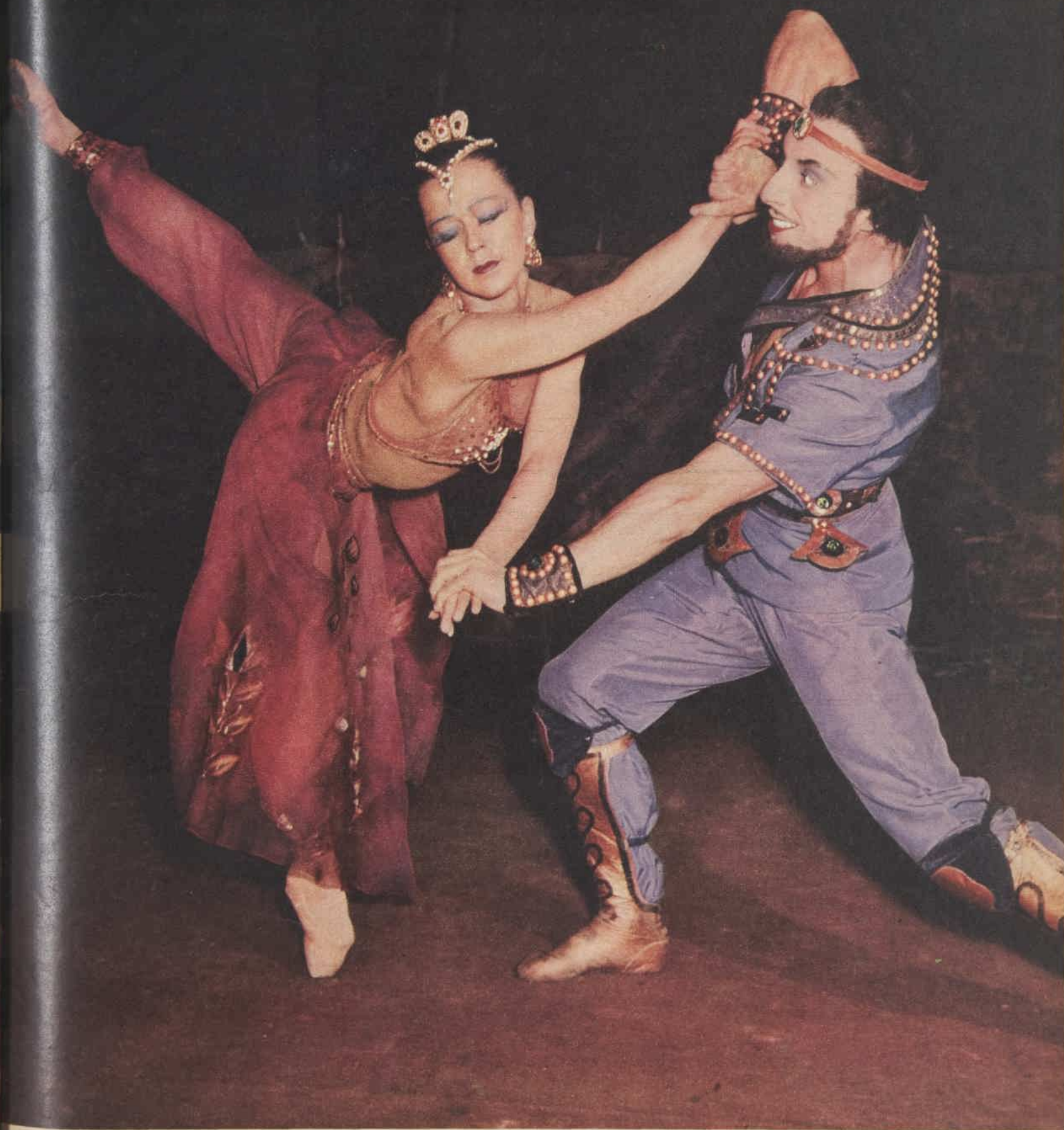


● In the centre, above, two stars of the classic Leningrad Maly Company touring Australia—Ludmila Safranova (as Odette) and Adol Khamzin (as Prince Siegfried) in Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake."

● A modern interpretation of sixth-century Russia is "Seven Beauties" (below), a colorful ballet devised in Leningrad in 1952 by the Maly Theatre's chief choreographer, Petr Gusev.



Beauty of the Russian ballet



● Maria Mazun and Veniamin Zimin have two of the three principal parts in the contemporary ballet "Seven Beauties." Staff photographer Ron Berg took these pictures at a performance at the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney, using only the stage lighting.

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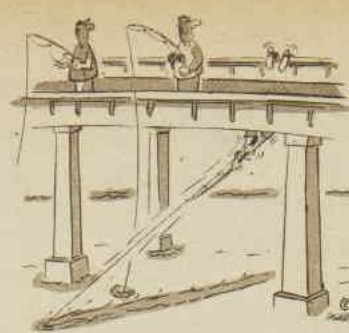
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FATHER



"Somebody's got one!"

MOTHER



"Aren't we EVER going to be friends again?"

It seems to me

MAJOR GHERMAN TITOV tackles a simple task, that of assisting his charming 23-year-old wife, Tamara, with housework in their Moscow flat prior to his recent space flight.

That sentence is the caption supplied with a picture from one of the overseas news services. Major Titov, mop in hand, is polishing the already-shining floor. His wife, trying not to giggle, is dusting.

Picture and caption prove that the Russians are using Western-style propaganda. I have never worked in a propaganda department, but I know enough about what goes on when you photograph people in the news to fill in the details.

Propaganda Chief (to photographer and girl reporter): And don't just come back with portraits. The boss wants some human interest. Reporter and photographer set out.

Photographer: What's this girl look like?

Reporter: Oh, she's very nice, I believe.

Photographer: Yes, but is she a good-looker? Conversation is interrupted by arrival at the Titovs' flat.

Major and Mrs. Titov, half-pleased, half-embarrassed, pose stiffly for several shots on the sofa.

"But can't we get you DOING something?" asks photographer desperately.

Reporter, intent on her story, ignores him and continues to talk to Mrs. Titov.

"Ever do any housework?" asks photographer, inspired.

"Oh, yes, I help," answers Major Titov, willing to please.

"Here," says the photographer, grabbing a mop. "You be polishing the floor, eh?"

"Oh, dear," murmurs reporter, "but would he ever really be doing that?"

"Yes, yes, often," says Major Titov, anxious to finalise things.

"Hold it in your other hand, sweet," says Mrs. Titov, exchanging tolerant smile with girl reporter.

Flash go the bulbs.

"I don't know why you can't be more help," comments photographer later.

"But I ask you," says the reporter with the literalness of her sex, "would a spaceman ever have time to polish the floor?"

"Fine, fine," says the propaganda chief. "Nice homely stuff. It was a good idea to send Natasha along."

Photographer throws her a dirty look and goes back to his darkroom.

FRIEND of mine had an unnerving experience when she went to be measured for a dress at a shop run by a European.

The dressmaker, using a tape marked off in centimetres, started to take the measurements.

"Waist 68," she shouted over the partition to a helper.

"Excuse me," said the customer, "but when you come to my hips, please whisper."

By



Dorothy Dean

I HAVE just spent an instructive hour reading a little book called "The Whole Duty of a Woman, or a Guide to the Female Sex."

It was lent to me by Mrs. M. Willis, of Newcastle, whose father bought it for twopence on a London bookstall. Published in 1735, it was written by "A Lady."

The chapter headings include "The Duty of Virgins and the Whole Art of Love," "The Duty of a Wife" (and of a widow), and "Choice Re-

ceipts in Physick and Surgery, Cookery, Preserving, Candying, and Beautifying."

To set your mind at rest, I had better explain that "The Duty of Virgins and the Whole Art of Love" is, by modern standards, sketchy. The nearest the writer ever gets to tin tacks is the statement: "If your admirer be troublesome, shun him."

THE chapter on cookery, which includes direction for serving a crane, a bittern, and a curlew, is more helpful, and I liked this piece of advice on curing Noise in the Head: "Take a Clove of Garlick, peel it, and prick three or four holes in the Middle, dip it in Honey, and put it into your Ear, stop it with black wool, and so continue at times for a day or two, and the Noise will cease."

BUT perhaps the most interesting chapter is that dealing with matrimony:

"If a Husband prove not what you expected in relation to Temper and Good Humor, yet he may by degrees be turned to be supportable . . . Nature, so far from being unjust to us, is partial to our side . . ."

"There is more Power in our Tears than in their Arguments, and therefore things prudently managed will by degrees bring over a Husband to see his Errors."

Those dominant wives in the American TV family comedies are not, after all, a Modern Phenomenon. They are a Logical Development.

BECAUSE some people "poke their fingers" at pedigreed cats and eat pies and ice-cream near them at Melbourne's Royal Show, the Council of the Cat Fancy will run its own show in Melbourne Town Hall on September 30.

Luxurious Persians, graceful Siamese, Detached, aware, each someone's pride and joy.

Sit caged and cushioned at their silken ease. Disdainful of the staring hoi polloi.

"Oh, Willie, stop. I said so, just because. Eat up your ice-cream. Isn't this one new?"

It serves you right. Look at those long, sharp claws.

Oh, Noeleen, mind where you put your feet. The cats stare back with cool, appraising eyes.

Who knows if they're disgusted at the sight Of people eating ice-cream and hot pies?

Or if they'd like a proletarian bite?

Surprise Surprise

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WORTH REPORTING

"SHOULD I stick to 'shoeing cabbages?" asked the young country girl, hopefully submitting her short story for criticism.

Now, 30 years later, Mena Calthorpe is glad she didn't. Her first novel, "The Dyehouse," is to be published this week.

"The Dyehouse" is the story of people who live and work in an Australian textile factory. Between its atmospheric pages and the attractive Caringbah home the housewife author shares with her husband, Bill, and two budgies, there's a world of difference.

A world Mrs. Calthorpe has bridged. For, since her marriage, she has taken jobs as:

- A machinist in a corset factory.
- Cake decorator and seller in a cake shop.
- Clerk in an engineering store.
- Fruit picker in the Riverina.
- And in the office of a dyehouse.

All these jobs were taken not only for the wages but with the idea of acquiring authentic background for novels.

The fact that "The Dyehouse" was published was almost an accident.

"If I'd known it was going to be published I wouldn't have written it," said Mrs. Calthorpe. "I would have been too nervous."

"All my life I've just written for myself, for experiment. I started this novel when I was working in the dyehouse, simply to practise writing dialogue."

When she'd finished the book, Mrs. Calthorpe showed it to her husband, a turner and fitter, who was able to help with the more technical background of the novel.

"This is good," he said. "Why don't you submit it for publication?"

"I'm still pinching myself and wondering if it's true that 'The Dyehouse' is being published," Mrs. Calthorpe smiled.

And the setting for the new novel she has started?

"I think I'll call it 'The Big Wheel,'" she said. "It revolves round the engineering business."

★ ★ ★

BIGGEST surprise for Jenny Hoad, just back in Europe from her two-week trip to Russia, was the size of the gates at tennis matches.

Husband Lew, with other Kramer professionals, played from Leningrad in the north to Georgia in the south.

"A total of 70,000 Russians watched the matches," said Jenny.

"The stadium in Moscow had crowds of 15,000 to 17,000 each day."

"Even in Georgia, where we suspected they didn't have a clue about tennis, they turned up just the same."



• Mrs. Mena Calthorpe at work on a new novel in her home at Caringbah, N.S.W.

Headlines in hats

MELBOURNE milliner Ann Dalton is making model hats for spring race wear out of pages of The Australian Women's Weekly.

She has adapted the idea of her mother, Mrs. H. M. Dalton, of Elwood, Vic., who used to make newspaper hats for Melbourne actresses.

The paper is wired and fitted to a Paris net shape, then covered with layers of tulle.



• Melbourne model Elizabeth Ireland in the magazine hat.

The model above has the crown elegantly pleated and trimmed with black and red ribbon and two stylised ribbon-tulle flowers. The "news" shows attractively through layers of tulle.

TOLD that an old school chum was waiting outside to see her, grandma Marlene Dietrich responded: "Well, don't just stand there—wheel her in!"

The heckling was official

THE dinner was excellent, and the 30 businessmen relaxed with cigars as their mild-mannered associate began his address, "Unemployment in Industry."

"Utter nonsense!" loudly interjected an airlines executive. "Pull your head in!" yelled a company secretary.

It was official "heckling" night at the Sydney Toastmasters' Club — and the speaker was delighted at the mauling.

If he could last the distance he might soon become a proficient toastmaster. He would be available any time anywhere for a professional engagement as a 10-minute speaker.

Why only 10 minutes? we asked. "Because," says Toastmasters' president Don Duncan, "that's the maximum 'time slot' any speaker should be allotted — except for lectures. Our motto is 'Stand Up, Speak Up, Shut Up.'"

Toastmasters numbering 100,000 internationally (200 in Australia) meet weekly.

Not to be left out, Sydney women have the Australian Toastmistresses' Club.

Guitars, guns, and a Congress

WHO'D want to go orbiting when (a) the Society of the Classical Guitar is on the phone, (b) Miss Penny Ferguson is waiting to see us about the Esperanto Association's Congreso en Januaro, and (c) our appointment with the Colonial Muzzle-loading Society is pressingly close?

The recent Sydney recitals by Melbourne's classical guitarist Miss Sadie Bishop have given a fillip to the society's efforts to promote the instrument.

And John Williams, 20, of Melbourne, has been appointed first teacher of the classical guitar to the Royal College of Music, London.

"Is esperanto here to stay, Miss Ferguson?" It certainly was. Some 600 delegates would attend the 13th Esperanto Congress in Sydney on January 1 to 7, 1962; it was taught at adult-education classes, and world esperantists totalled 16,000,000.

Mr. E. Wright, of Sydney, secretary of the Colonial Muzzle-loading Society, was excited about the forthcoming Postal Shoot with the Shawnee Long Rifles Club, Ohio, U.S.A.

Each will fire arms of the muzzle-loading era (1840-70) and post target results across the Pacific.



MR. and Mrs. E. Wright with muzzle-loaders at the Antique Arms Collectors' Society exhibition.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"The Doctor Has Three Faces"

Robert Elgin (Hamish Hamilton), 18/9.

If you like reading about hospitals and operations, and intrigues between doctors and nurses, this is for you. But apart from that, the story strikes at a problem which concerns thinking people—that of cancer treatment. It tells of a woman who submits reluctantly to an operation because she has been told this is her only hope. When she dies after the operation, her son confronts the surgeon's senior registrar, Dr. Andrew Grant, to learn that she could have had radium treatment, which might have been effective. There is an outcry about patients not having a decision in a matter so important to them. Andrew begins to wonder whether he had done the right thing in upholding his brilliant but arrogant chief, whom he so greatly admires. Meanwhile, he has been so tied to the hospital that his family scarcely ever see him, and his wife, Priscilla, has begun to be restless, plotting to get him another job or to migrate. Andrew drifts into a brief affair with a nurse who "understands" him. Problems are finally ironed out, but only after a lot of soul-searching.

cilla, has begun to be restless, plotting to get him another job or to migrate. Andrew drifts into a brief affair with a nurse who "understands" him. Problems are finally ironed out, but only after a lot of soul-searching.

"The Craft of Embroidery"

Alison Liley (Mills and Boon), 37/3.

Embroidery, a hobby for leisure, is much used as a medium for creative art. This book covers, in textbook manner, all the available conventional stitches and methods — applique, couching, cutwork, drawn-thread, quilting, shadow-work—which can be used to create a design or effect. There is a section on smocking. The author taught embroidery at the Canterbury College of Art in England, has had a one-man show at the Embroiderers' Guild, and her work is owned by private collectors in Britain and the U.S.A.



"How's this for whiteness?"

"What an eye-opener it is", Mrs. K. H. Read, of Collaroy Plateau, N.S.W., tells her mother. "It must be the New Rinso that made such a difference to the whiteness of all my wash." New Rinso will give your wash the same amazing whiteness Mrs. Read found in hers.

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Key to the door

THERE has been a lot of talk as to the correct age to entrust children with a key to the door. My father believed 21 was time enough. Since I was married before coming of age, and glad to be, I never had the privilege of a key to his house. I treasured the door-key my husband gave me. My four children have had their own keys since their middle teens. The youngest is now 21 and the others are happily married, but they were not in such a hurry to leave home. Mutual trust is the answer.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. A. Gibson, Seaforth, N.S.W.

Modern grandmothers

WHILE I approve of today's women taking pride in their appearance, I feel sorry for my young daughter, who will never know a real "granny." One grandmother is much too sophisticated for the title—and intends remaining that way—and her other grandmother is too young. I remember my grandmothers as dear ladies in their seventies with grey hair, wrinkles, and tales of the old days. Perhaps in time grannies—like fairy godmothers—will be only a faded memory.

£1/1/- to "Toni" (name supplied), St. George, N.S.W.

Hooray for men!

IT'S demoralising for us males to read frequent articles on the pros and cons of men and how inferior we are. After all, if it weren't for men there would be no abstract ideas, few brilliant scientists and mathematicians, and—most important of all—no posterity. The amusing thing about these features is that the writers are male biologists or scientists stating so-called proven facts. One went so far as to suggest that only a select group of supermen be allowed to breed—the aim to produce a perfect race with a majority of females. Even if we are puny specimens of humanity, surely we deserve a fair go.

£1/1/- to Mr. B. Malley, Lalor Park, N.S.W.

The Queen accepts a compliment

WE Australians are the world's worst at accepting compliments. We greet a compliment on our dress with "What, this old rag!" Praise of a new hairdo with "It's a bit of a mess, really, it needs cutting," and so on. During the Royal tour here a lady V.I.P. complimented the Queen on her beautiful dress. I'll always remember the Queen's reply: "Yes, it is nice, isn't it!"

£1/1/- to "Let's Try" (name supplied), Melbourne.

Record health?

MY dad, who recently had his 80th birthday, has never been in hospital or seen a doctor for an illness. A retired farmer, he still drives his car to work—gardening—several days a week. We are very proud of him.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Cazaly, Baxter, Vic.

Tall troubles

"SHORTIE" (S.A.), your 5ft. 7in. 13-year-old daughter, who is embarrassed at her height and has been charged full fare since she was 12, brings back memories of my eldest when she was 11. She travelled regularly by tram to a matinee with a small 15-year-old girl. Mine was charged full fare, the older girl half-price. To draw even, the pair alternately paid for each other.

£1/1/- to "Fair Is Fair" (name supplied), Kyabram, Vic.

I WAS one of those "my-aren't-you-a-big-girl" children, and many a tear I shed in private because I wasn't small and dainty. But ever since I turned 16 my 5ft. 9in. drew cries of "Aren't you lucky being able to wear those clothes!"

£1/1/- to "The Long of It" (name supplied), Wooloowin, Qld.

OUR problem is the reverse. Our 11-year-old daughter has been taken for seven. At school she is often an onlooker at sport when she would really enjoy a game. Now learning the piano, she finds it difficult to reach an octave.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Two" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

I OVERCAME our tall-child problem by getting a birth certificate, which my dad took with him to football and on trams.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Hay, East Glenelg, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

FANCY-DRESS affairs always raise the same question. It is: Will I try to be funny or try to look decorative?

Funny costumes are cheaper than decorative ones and less trouble. It takes quite a lot of effort to dress yourself up as Napoleon or Queen Elizabeth I, and I confess I usually choose the easy way.

Last time I had to dress up I put on a sheet and went as a ghost. Nothing could be simpler. Unfortunately, nobody thought I was very funny.

The problem came up again when my son (11) was asked to a fancy-dress party.

"Would you make me a costume, Mum?" he said.

His mother's face did not light up at the request. She had much the same look as when the washing-machine breaks down.

She asked quickly, "When is the party?"

On hearing that it was a week ahead, she relaxed a little. Usually fancy-dress costumes are rush jobs. Once she was asked at breakfast-time, "Could you make me a germ suit for the Health Week display today?"

DRESSED UP

This time she made it clear that she could not spend many woman-hours on the costume. There is a shortage of woman-hours at our place. But she had the bright idea of tying some lemon-squeezers to the boy and calling him the Credit Squeezer.



We took him to the party, and his costume stood up well beside the other boys'. They were nearly all in funny costumes.

A boy who went as a king-size cigarette looked more striking, but he was less comfortable. He couldn't get through doorways.

The girls, on the other hand—well, they put the boys to shame.

They came in all kinds of romantic rig-outs. There was a slinky

Cleopatra, and Madame Pompadour, and Nell Gwyn, and a Charleston dancer from the Roaring 'Twenties.

The girls' mothers were preening themselves right and left.

Mrs. Todd, whose Noeline was got up as Helen of Troy, said tactlessly: "I think it's a shame the boys aren't dressed more nicely. Just look at that burglar Noeline is dancing with!"

The burglar's mother happened to be standing nearby. She said: "The boys won't wear nice costumes. I wanted Harold to go as Bonnie Prince Charlie, but he insisted on being a burglar."

At the same time the boys' mothers had a thing or two to say about the girls.

Mrs. McPhee (whose Gary was dressed as a bookmaker) pointed to Nell Gwyn and said: "It's easy to see her mother's only got one child. Imagine me having time to make an outfit like that."

A rumor went round that Madame Pompadour's costume had actually been hired.

Still, a good time was had by the young guests, with the girls looking glamorous and the boys looking funny. And, after all, life is often like that.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
WIN MUNDAY

THE State and National Skiing Championships at Cabramurra got off to an "impromptu start" when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress of London, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen and the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen, made an overnight stay at "Edinburgh Cottage" during their whirlwind inspection of the Snowy Mountains Scheme as the guests of Sir William Hudson.

On the eve of the championships, the secretary, John Allen, and members of the Cabramurra Ski Club swiftly rounded up a dozen or so star performers, and put on a floodlit exhibition of night-skiing on the slopes overlooking the township to entertain the V.I.P. visitors, who also included Senator Spooner and his daughter, Mrs. George Wilcox.

Later in the evening Sir Bernard presented the prizes at the fancy-dress ball arranged by the Cabramurra Parents and Citizens' Association in honor of skiers and visitors for the championships.

As he didn't have a fancy-dress at hand, Sir Bernard attended the function informally attired in sports trousers and a tweed jacket.

As the evening warmed up he took off his coat and went up on stage to help judge the costumes with shirt-sleeves rolled up for the job!

This gesture was the hit of the night.

DECORATIONS at the ball were largely the work of artistic Mrs. Cecil Dale, of Cabramurra. She concentrated on decorating the walls of the hall with gaily dressed clowns and harlequins, and shading the lights with star-shaped lanterns made of colored tinfoil.

AN off-beat social evening for skiers during the championships (particularly for the women) was a visit to the Snowy River Authority Power Stations 1 and 2 at Tumut. The latter is not yet in operation, and Mr. Alex McGhee, Regional manager of the area, told me it was a local superstition that it wasn't lucky to allow ladies to enter uncompleted power stations and tunnels! The only previous time the rule has been relaxed was Princess Alexandra's inspection of an unfinished power station when she visited the Snowy.

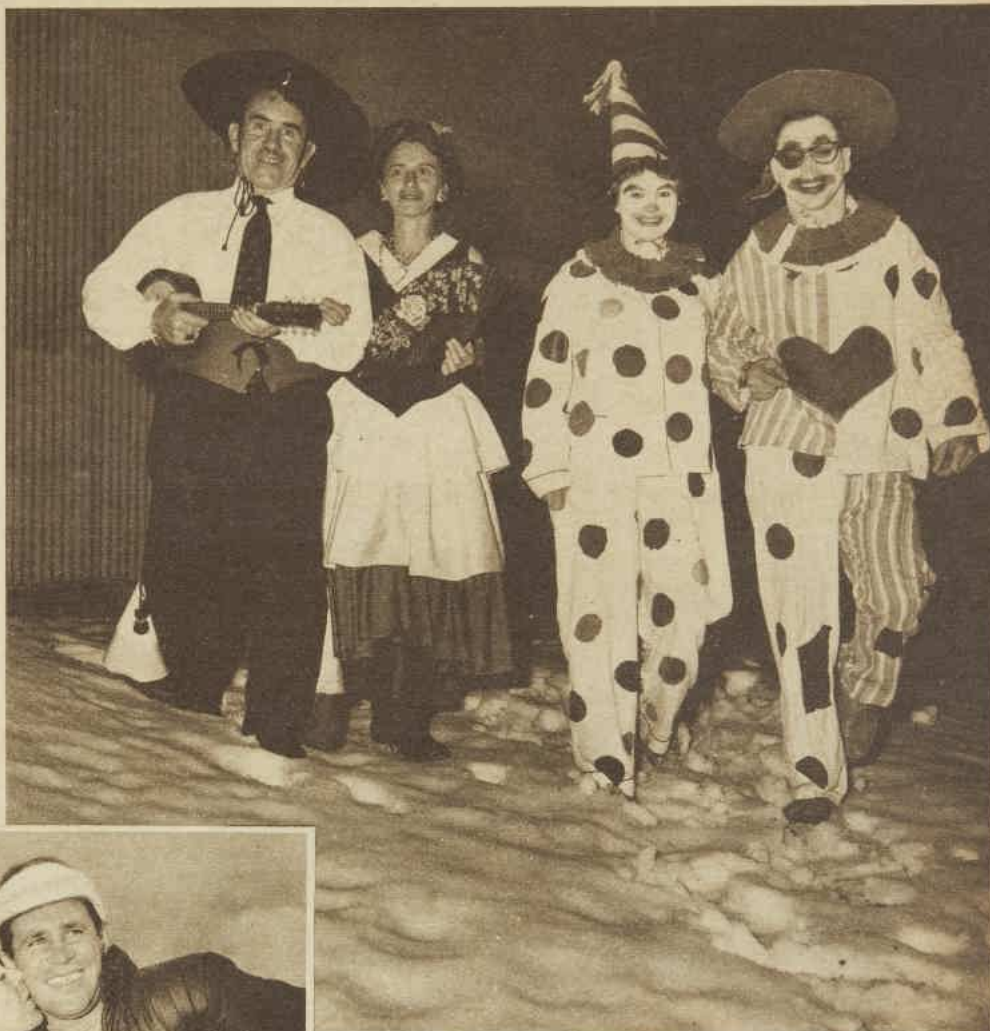
IT was a change of scenery and activity for Janie Latham, captain of the Australian Women's Team. Just a few weeks ago she was climbing UP the Matterhorn, in Switzerland, which is over 15,000 feet high. Last week she was skimming DOWN the 5000 feet-high slopes at Cabramurra in the slalom events.

I NEVER expected to hear a skier admit he prefers the surf to the snowfields, especially a champion, and a Norwegian into the bargain! But Kore Grunsund, who won the langlauf event (a gruelling ten miles of cross-country skiing), says he likes beaches best. He also told me he misses the sound of music on our snowfields. "All the resorts in Europe relay music to skiers," he explained. "Hearing the strains of 'Waltzing Matilda,' 'Click Go the Shears,' or 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down' could be wonderful floating over the mountains here."

MOST frustrated spectator at the championships was Midge McAuliffe, of Pymble—nursing a leg broken at Thredbo a fortnight ago. She left her skis at home, but later borrowed some to have a few cautious runs.

AFTER his success in the N.S.W. Grand Slalom, Billy Day had to rush off to the family property at Talbingo to "do a day's work," as he put it, before returning to Cabramurra in time for the National Championships.

TRUDGING through snow, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schroeder and Mr. and Mrs. Ino Grassi (couple on the right) sing to the accompaniment of Mr. Schroeder's mandolin, setting off for the gay fancy-dress ball arranged by the Cabramurra Parents and Citizens' Association.



KISS from Mrs. Charles Stewart, of Kurraba Point, for her brother, Olympic skier Mr. Billy Day, of Talbingo, after he had won the N.S.W. Grand Slalom title.



DECORATIVE Mrs. Mackenzie Munro and her husband, of "Gaerloch," Cooma, pictured at right, were both competitors in skiing events in the N.S.W. Championships.



CONGRATULATIONS for Mrs. Arcida Lejins, of Cabramurra, from the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen and the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen, after Mrs. Lejins had taken part in a floodlit night skiing exhibition, specially arranged in their honor.



EARLY arrivals at Cabramurra were Dr. and Mrs. Peter Blaxland, who motored up from Sydney for the championships. Dr. Blaxland was a member of the racing committee.



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DESMOND TESTER . . . he'll retire from the TV cameras.

Heiress takes over Ninepins

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Cherrie Butlin, blond daughter of England's holiday-camp millionaire Billy Butlin, has won the coveted job, vacated by Channel 9's Desmond Tester, of compere of the Channel Ninepins Show.

CHERRIE takes the show over on September 19, when Desmond, fulfilling his own wish, retires permanently behind the camera to produce and direct.

Cherrie's appointment ends a long search Desmond made for an "on camera" personality to take over his competing chores and leave him free to write, produce, and direct the show.

He feels he has found the right sort of person in Cherrie, who is 21 and is at present on a three weeks' holiday in London, visiting her parents.

(Cherrie made newspaper headlines early in 1959, when she arrived in Perth and married a young Australian actor, Brook Denning — real

name Roy Daniel — whom she met on board the ship on which she travelled from England.

The pair have since separated. Cherrie remained in Australia, and Denning went abroad and now works in Luxembourg as a disc jockey on Radio Luxembourg. Cherrie says there's no hope of salvaging the marriage; he says he'd like to patch it up.)

"I am very happy to have found Cherrie," Desmond said, "and I am very happy to hand over to her."

"For a long time now I have wanted to get off camera. After all, I've been in front of it on the Ninepins Show for four and a half years. Nothing will make me happier than to put Cherrie into the show and in my new role of producer-director make her and the show a big success."

"She's a very clued-up girl.

She's not one to play up being a millionaire's daughter, she's just the opposite.

"It's all very odd, her being chosen. I was looking for a young Australian, a boy in his early twenties. I hadn't given much thought to a girl, but in my mind whoever got it had to be Australian."

"As it turned out, I've chosen a girl who is English."

Cherrie was chosen from a big list of applicants that were finally worked down from 50 to five.

"We put Cherrie's audition on film, as we did with all the finalists," Desmond said. "Cherrie made a terrific impression on everyone."

"She's not a wow!" (what Desmond meant was sexy).

"She's interesting, arresting. She's not fussy with kids" (he meant precious and baby-talky), "doesn't talk down to them."

"She's really a remarkable personality. I think her style is very suitable for a kids' TV show, and her experience and background are right."

"It's a funny thing. I invited a lot of people to look at the film we made of her. Everyone concerned, and more than them, all the people at the studio, like switchgirls and technicians and secretaries, who get used to seeing lots of show-business people round, picked her out as nice."

"They talked about Cherrie as 'the nice one with the interesting face and personality.'"

Desmond, who founded the Ninepins, has in his four and a half years with them learned a lot about children.

During the interview I had with him I learned some of these things:

● Children like, best of all, the things adults like.

● Children are not terribly sweet — sometimes they are more like dogs and "turn ugly on you" suddenly.

● Professionally children are the best possible commodity to work with.

● They are more honest than any other performer.

Desmond doesn't think it is necessary to have obvious charm or have a love of children to get on with them.

He believes that they should be treated as "perfectly ordinary individuals whose experience of life is only a little different to one's own at the time."

Frenchman as

A.B.C. producer

"TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE," a play by Jean Anouilh, one of the great modern dramatists of France, added another title to the A.B.C.'s growing list of distinguished live TV plays.

The play is the story of a man who has been in an asylum for 16 years suffering from loss of memory. He is without the memories that the normal person carries with him as "luggage."

On the advice of the asylum psychiatrist, he sets out to find his past and spends 24 hours with a family who believe he is their lost son.

Ric Hutton, as "The Traveller," played his difficult role well. He hates himself when he discovers what he was: a seducer, a wife-stealer, and generally vile character, and decides to ditch his old self, adopt a new personality and a new family.

It is an interesting play. It gained distinction both from its cast and its production.

Its producer was Henri Safran, a Frenchman. "Traveller Without Luggage" was the first play he has ever produced in English, although he has been responsible for a number of documentaries. Two I remember well are "Inquiry Into Loneliness" and "River of Life."

I met Safran recently, and was very interested to see his drama-production debut.

He was very forthright and down-to-earth about TV.



MILLIONAIRE'S daughter Cherrie Butlin, who has been chosen as the new compere of TCN9's Channel Ninepins.

"I don't think TV is an art," he said. "It is a medium of communication and entertainment. We are trying to kid ourselves if we believe it is a form of art."

It is obvious from the excellent production of the play that Mr. Safran knows his medium. He came here two years ago from French TV to join the A.B.C.

France has only one TV channel, a national one, and Safran was a producer there.

Safran, now only 29, has packed a great deal of experience into his life. He started at 19 as a dress-designer in Paris with his own successful salon.

After two years in the Army

he took up singing. An accomplished tenor, he wanted to sing Wagnerian opera, but found that he only had the physique for Italian opera, which he dislikes.

"I tried to put on weight so I could sing Wagner," he said, "but it was impossible. So I ended up singing in nightclubs for a while. Then I joined French TV."

He loves TV. "When I was young I was a bit unhappy as I tried to find what I wanted to do. Now I am older I am much happier," he said.

His production of "Traveller Without Luggage" made it quite obvious that he is happy working in TV. He did a very smooth job.

OUR GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No star — Poor

Film Reviews

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★ MR. TOPAZE

Graft triumphs in this whimsical satire, breaking the justice wins screen tradition. An honest and timid school-

teacher, Peter Sellers gets his first lesson in "honesty doesn't pay" when sacked for refusing a dull pupil high marks befitting his status. Engineered into a plum Paris job by a "progressive" city councillor, Sellers finds himself a "front" for crooked deals. Enjoying money and respect, an unprincipled Sellers emerges. More character study than fiction,

the plot ripples with subdued laughs. A must for fans.—Century, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIGHT.

★ SHADOW OF THE BOOMERANG

Filmed here by the Billy Graham team, this revivalist saga presents the message with monotonous melodrama. The action—centred on an outback station, with flashes to crusader Graham addressing city crowds—is anaemic. American rancher Dick Jones comes to Australia with sister Georgia

Lee to manage a family property. While Georgia is delighted with the devout community, Jones is arrogant and intolerant of the aborigines and the Inland Mission. He vents his bitterness on aboriginal stockman Jimmy Little, and tragedy brings repentance.—Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . WEAK.

★ GLORIA SWANSON is planning to return to motion pictures in the film version of her stage play, "Between Scenes."

Harding: His own obituary

● Nothing on TV has left me quite as shattered as the John Freeman interview with Gilbert Harding, one of Britain's best known and most popular TV personalities.

FREEMAN is the B.B.C.'s ace interviewer and is also the editor of the "New Statesman." He has done a series of interviews called "Face to Face" with all kinds of people—Dame Edith Sitwell, Stirling Moss, King Hussein of Jordan—that have made him famous throughout the world.

But I cannot imagine any interview matching the one last week with Harding. It was a brilliant exposition in questioning and a shockingly honest half-hour of answers.

Freeman asked Harding, among many other things, about his conversion to Roman Catholicism. Harding spoke of its boon, about its demanded observances, and his laziness about them and fear behind his ill-health for an excuse.

He said of all its boons, he found the confessional the greatest. He spoke of the great blessing and "refreshment" he found in the confessional and in the close relationship with the priest concerned.

When I thought about it afterwards, and I thought of little else for quite a while, it seemed to me that Harding made a public confessional of this half-hour.

Harding collapsed and died suddenly eight weeks later while he was making a number of B.B.C. recordings.

Knowing this made the interview even more emotional and moving than it must have been when Harding was alive. It was like a man speaking his own obituary — and what an obituary. It must have answered so many questions that even his close friends and associates would not have dared to ask.

Freeman asked Harding how he felt about dying and death. He said he was afraid of dying, but he would be very glad to be dead.

I was glad to find that he died very quickly so he did not have much time to be afraid. Let us hope that this interview is repeated so that anyone unfortunate enough to have missed it may see it.

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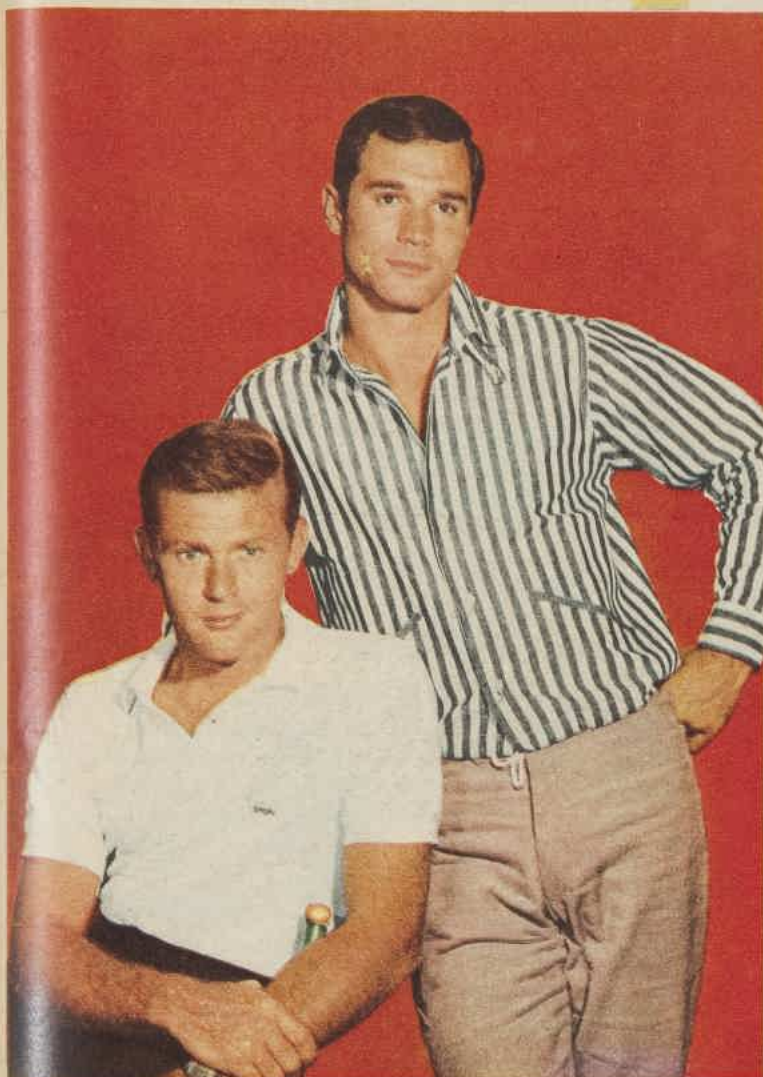
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TV ADVENTURERS



"ROUTE 66," a modern TV adventure series, stars Martin Milner (Tod), left, and George Maharis (Buzz). Martin is married and has always been an actor. George, a bachelor and Korea war veteran, has been a motor mechanic and frustrated singer.

MARTIN MILNER and George Maharis, Tod and Buzz of TV's "Route 66," are typical of the new look in heroes, the look that the fans of the 1960's go for. It's a hard, tough look, the opposite of the old look, epitomised by Robert Taylor when he was young and fresh and full of grace. With the new-look heroes, nothing is disguised. Marty Milner has freckles—and brother, do you see them! They look good, and emphasise another thing about 1960 heroes. They're just ordinary people mostly, battlers who aren't always successful, who don't always get the girl.

—NAN MUSGROVE

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The White Dress

A short story by CATHARINE BOYD

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

BAREFOOT, wearing her old bathrobe, Margaret felt her way down the dark front stairs. She passed the grandfather clock in the hall, and turned to go through the den to the dimly lighted kitchen. It was after one — ten minutes after, to be exact; she had learned to read clocks long ago without really looking. Janice had had her orders: be home at twelve-thirty sharp.

In the den Margaret paused at the sight of her opened sewing-machine, where a tumble of organdie lay in a shadowy heap. There was something about its whiteness, its virginal crispness, that caught at her throat — the ghost of a graduation dress to be worn three weeks from Friday.

Where is she now? Margaret worried. With Kenny, of course. In a car, but where? Why isn't she home? Oh, how I wish she were safe in her bed like the others, safe and sound. Remember how I used to tuck in her soft pink blankets?

She loosened the tug in her throat with a good-natured chuckle, her only defence. A wonder they'd ever agreed on The Dress at all! Every detail was a compromise between two generations — kind of material, style of sleeves, length of skirt, even the width of the waistband.

Janice and I can't really agree on anything, Margaret admitted. I know it's a normal part of growing up; youngsters always rebel. But meanwhile we have no meeting ground, no common viewpoint. It's as though she's drifting away, and I just can't reach her. . . . Surely things will work out. And surely this Kenny thing is almost over. He hasn't seemed so possessive the past few months.

She thought for a while about Kenny, the first real boy-friend Janice had ever had, the only one. She and Clyde had seen a lot of Kenny the past year, and though he had his faults — he was sometimes selfish, often bossy — probably he was no worse than most his age. And they owed him a certain debt for the gift of belonging that he had given Janice.

Until she met Kenny Hall, Janice had chafed in a tight cocoon of self-consciousness, brooding and lonely; now she had friends and a busy schedule, she went to all the games and all the parties, was one of The Crowd. Even her school marks had noticeably improved. She had a "steady."

Margaret cringed at the word. She and Clyde had argued the matter up and down; Clyde was more easygoing about such things. But even Margaret recognised the change in Janice which they, as parents, had not been able to accomplish alone. The beginnings of social poise and self-confidence. For this, like it or not, they could thank Kenny Hall.

And Janice was right when she said, "Everybody goes steady." In this particular town, in this particular school, to one degree or another everybody did.

To page 48

As Margaret paused she gazed emotionally at the lovely white graduation dress, gleaming with an almost ghostly radiance on the sewing machine.

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Nancy Moore looked quizzically around her when she entered the old inn.

How they talked about her

An entertaining story **BY BRETON AMIS**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

THE madness entered into Nancy Moore as soon as she saw the Woodcutters' Arms. The inn had been left to her by her Uncle Nat, a jovial, red-faced giant she hardly remembered, and she had come to Rusheyford to talk to the solicitor about selling it.

Instead, she was falling in love at first sight with the sort of inn men dream of retiring to in their mellow years, a pink-washed gem with a thatched roof and a long garden to the silvery river. The walls were patchy, but as soon as she saw it Nancy knew why Uncle Nat had stayed there for thirty years.

A hum of voices came from the taproom. She wanted to go in, but was afraid that if she did she would never sell to either of the breweries who were ready to bid for the only inn in Rusheyford. Besides, in her neat grey suit she looked too much like a well-paid city secretary with a flat of her own. She knew nothing of inns.

In the taproom a deep voice was saying, "So I'm telling you, the girl'll get a mint of money for the Woodcutters' and we'll get a tenant landlord tied to some brewery whose beer you wouldn't touch with a hop-pole."

"That sort of stuff hasn't been brewed yet, Tom Dixon," said the acid voice of Uncle Nat's housekeeper, Maggie Webb, who was looking after the inn in the meantime.

Nancy opened the door and stood peering into the cool, spicy gloom. Men sitting at the long tables stared back at her solemnly. One said, "If 'tis the snugger you're wanting, Miss, 'tis the next door."

"Thank you, but I wanted to see what the place was like," Nancy said. "I'm Mr. Moore's niece from London—I couldn't get to the funeral."

They said nothing. The tall woman at the counter began swabbing it fiercely. "You'll find everything in order, Miss," she said. "Mr. Markham should've brought you over after closing."

"I haven't seen the solicitor yet," Nancy explained. "I haven't decided what to do with the place. My uncle was very happy here."

"As any man would be." A brown-faced young man spoke, putting slight emphasis on the word "man" as if to exclude the female sex.

Which it wasn't at the moment, Nancy thought. The grey stone floor, the low, smoky ceiling, the high fireside settle where someone sat — all were hers. She said, "If I took over, Mrs. Webb, would you show me how to run the place?"

They all stared. Then a man laughed and rose from the settle, putting his glass tankard down. He was very tall and broad, a pointed brown beard lengthening his handsome face.

"Stick to typing, Miss Moore," he advised politely. "Your uncle often spoke of his clever London niece, but the Woodcutters' would break your heart and your purse."

"He's right for once, Miss," said Tom Dixon. "You don't know the ropes. For instance, the landlord has to stand drinks when caught on this side of the bar. It's custom."

She smiled at him. "I won't be the landlord unless I have the licence transferred, will I? But I'd like my uncle's friends to have a drink."

"Then you'll find he had seven hundred and ten friends, the entire population," said the tall man abruptly, and went out.

"Don't you worry about Mr. Prescott, Miss," Maggie was busy with the tankards thrust at her. "He lives in a caravan and paints pictures that don't sell, so he has a grouse against those with money. I daresay you could look after the snugger trade if you came — there's little enough of it."

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Doctor on Toast



Trouble on the high seas
... part two of our serial

By **RICHARD GORDON**

FINDING an author's life unprofitable, DR. GASTON GRIMSDYKE accepted a locum. His first patient, BASIL BEAUCHAMP, happens to be an old friend of his student days. Basil is a struggling actor still, but has become engaged to a beautiful model, OPHELIA O'BRIEN, whom Gaston later meets and squires while Basil is on tour.

Gaston's cousin DR. MILES GRIMSDYKE, who is on a Royal Commission on the State of Public Morality, is pleased Gaston has been asked to write SIR LANCELOT SPRATT'S biography. LADY MAUD, Sir Lancelot's wife, hopes Gaston can divert her husband's latest craze for crime investigation, especially as her brother CHARLES, the Bishop, and his wife are staying with them. However, her dinner party that night is wrecked by a discussion between Sir Lancelot and DR. McFIGGIE about a particularly unsavory crime.

Later Gaston is dismayed when Ophelia tells him she is taking a modelling job on board the Capricorn Queen, due to leave in a few days.

One Sunday Sir Lancelot commands Gaston's presence with the Bishop's children at the zoo. Giving more details for his biography he mentions one of his brothers, GEORGE, is now the Marine Superintendent of the Capricorn Line. Before Gaston can pursue the subject their attention is attracted by a man acting suspiciously near the lions' cage. Leaving Gaston to mind the children, Sir Lancelot goes with the man to the police station. NOW READ ON:

OUR return minus Sir Lancelot caused quite a stir in Harley Street.

"Not an accident!" exclaimed the Bishop, I fancied a shade too hopefully.

"No, not an accident," I assured him, while everyone seemed to be talking at once. "But it is rather complicated—"

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Lady Spratt.

"You see, the police—"

"The police?" murmured the Bishop. "Horror!"

"And I'd better not discuss it in front of the children—"

"Mummy," said Hilda, "Sir Lancelot called me an ugly little moron."

The brats were smartly removed by the Bishop's eldest daughter, and I led the others into the drawing-room.

"We had a rather odd experience," I started, I shifted a bit, what with everyone staring at me. "Fact is, we witnessed the aftermath of a murder."

"Murder!" gasped the Bishop.

"Lancelot wasn't involved—?" cried Lady Spratt.

"Only in nabbing the criminal," I reassured her quickly.

"It is really most unfortunate that we should become mixed up in such matters," remarked the Bishop's wife.

"But, Gaston, what on earth happened?" demanded Lady Spratt.

Ophelia deliberately ignored Basil's attentions and went on chattering to Captain Spratt.

"We were all in the lion house." It really was dashed difficult knowing exactly how to put it. "And there was the murderer chap, tossing great chunks of meat through the bars from his suitcase. You see, we were actually watching him disposing of the body."

The Bishop's wife gave a scream, and fainted again.

"Horror upon horror!" cried the Bishop.

There was naturally a good deal of confusion, even though we'd already established the drill for this situation. But what with carting his wife to the sofa and the smelling salts and the brandy and the Bishop fanning her with his apron, I couldn't get any further with the story before Sir Lancelot appeared himself in a police car, looking pleased with life.

"Lancelot! What on earth have you been up to?" insisted Lady Spratt at once.

"Furthering the ends of justice, my dear. Where are our guests?"

To page 58


Stoffels

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THE TELEPHONE CALL

A short short story
By
**DEIRDRE
HILL**



"I have a call to make," Karen said to Tom as she stood at the telephone box.

THE telephone box was on the corner of the main road, and as the girl walked down the narrow street toward it she felt the first heavy drop of rain fall on her cheek. She hurried, and the sudden cool breeze blew her dark short hair back from her forehead and put faint color into her cheeks. She threw her head back as though defying the weather, the rain, and the problem before her.

Keith had asked her to marry him; she repeated it over and over to herself. He was offering her a life of which she had dreamed for so long. Security, travel, a home. After all these years she could have everything she wanted, and a telephone call was all that was needed to make her dream come true.

Her stride quickened and she brushed the drops of rain from her eyes. She had always felt she would never have love. But it was not important. For ten years she had been alone — living in boarding houses, working in offices — waiting.

"He's a good man," she whispered to herself, "and he needs me. He is a good man. He is, he is. I can help him."

She began to run. Dark swirling clouds were overhead, an eerie, luminous green light shone, changing the colors of the little green lawns in front of the houses, the trees and shrubs in the gardens.

Cars crawled past, their headlights turned on; windscreen-wipers going to and fro as the rain splashed down in great heavy drops.

A bus stopped at the corner and a solitary passenger alighted, looked up at the sky, and ran quickly toward the phone box.

They arrived at the same moment; he not looking, she seeing him and reaching out to open the door.

"Didn't notice you, sorry," he apologised. "I was thinking I'd get in here out of the rain."

She hesitated; the drops of rain were falling faster. "I have a call to make," she said.

A low rumble of thunder trembled through the clouds and the rain came down in a sudden deluge.

Without thinking she jumped inside the box and called through the sound of the pounding rain. "Quick, you'll get soaked."

He stepped beside her, brushing the rain from his shoulders, stamping it from his feet, and she let the door close. The grey rain beat against the thin glass wall of the booth. Lightning cut through the darkness and the thunder crashed.

She pushed the damp hair from her face, screwed her eyes, and tried to peer through the glass, but all she saw was the reflection of a man a little older than herself, his deep blue eyes

looking down at her from a face filled with sensitivity.

She looked away and fumbled in her pocket for her pennies.

"Is your call urgent?" he asked.

She thought for a moment. "No, it doesn't matter. I don't like using phones in a storm. It'll be over soon."

She glanced at her watch. Ten minutes to six. Keith was waiting at the office until six. Why hadn't she told him — "Yes, yes, Keith" — when he had asked her at lunch. Then it would have been all over. The decision made; he could have gone ahead with the bookings for the overseas trip. Instead she had said, "Please let me think about it. Just for a little while."

Of course she understood how busy he was. Six o'clock was reasonable. If they were married first, she could help him so much. He needed her.

She started when her companion spoke again. "Do you live nearby?" he asked.

"Yes, I do. Kenmal House. It's just up the street."

"I'm new," he said. "I found a flat here last week. It's only small, but it's right on top of the hill. You know, the corners of his mouth twisted in a half smile, "I can lie in bed, look through the glass doors, and see right over the houses out to the headland."

"Can you see the water?"

"Well, if I crane sideways a bit."

"You sound lazy."

"I am," he said, "in a way. It's just that there's so much around us to see. All we have to do is open our eyes. That's pretty easy. A lot of people think you need money, but you don't. You just need two eyes that see, then you're really living."

Neither spoke for a moment, then he said, "My name's Tom Ford."

"I'm Karen Turner."

They smiled hesitatingly at each other and she turned away and tried to look outside again.

Only two reflections met her gaze. A man looking down at her.

It was five to six by her watch, Keith would be packing his briefcase, sitting at his desk, tidying the glass top — waiting.

Tom was talking again. Telling her about his work, how he loved to paint, and how he was looking forward to walking down by the cliffs.

She told him about her early morning walks. Would he like to come? She painted a little, too. Weekends were best; the light was wonderful about four.

Did she swim in summer? He enjoyed it. Like the theatre? Perhaps he could take her. There was something he wanted to see now. She did, too. That was wonderful.

She looked over his shoulder and saw that the rain had almost stopped. She turned and peered into the glass behind her. There was no reflection. Just the wet street and lightly falling rain. In a moment of panic she turned quickly. He was still there, smiling a warm, comfortable smile. "The rain has almost stopped," she said.

"I know. Well," he paused, then finally said, "it's all yours. Thanks, you can make your call."

"Good heavens," she said, startled. Her watch showed it was right on six o'clock. She put her pennies in, dialled, and with the receiver to her ear she waited for the answer. Behind her she felt the door open and heard Tom step out into the street. She turned and called "Wait," and as she spoke the voice in the phone said curtly, "Is that you, Karen?"

"Yes," she said, "just a moment." She let the receiver swing and put her head outside the door, then breathed a loud sigh. "I thought you might have gone," she said. "I'll only be a minute. Wait and I'll walk back with you."

She could see his smile through the half light. She paused, looking at him, and a feeling of warmth began to encircle her. Then she picked up the phone. "Keith, I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but I've thought it over. It's no, Keith, the answer is no."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 30, 1960

A 10-page feature
for
SPRING BRIDES

Wedding Day

● Ideas for bouquets and gowns . . .
a real-life mother-of-the-bride plans a
charming, but not costly, wedding . . .
her food-list, recipes . . . wedding-day
etiquette, trousseau, and other hints.



● Pale pink Hana-Fuki
camellias in a natural
hand-style bridal bouquet.



● Lovely white Countess
Calleni camellias and hya-
cinths, formal hand-style.



● Classical armband of white
arum lilies — for the
bride in a traditional gown.



● Victorian posy of sweet-
smelling daphne, for the
bride with a short gown.



● Avondale carnations in a
natural hand-style, for the
older bride in pastel gown.



● Unusual bouquet of Ice-
land poppy petals, suitable
for a short bridal gown.

Bouquets by The Liberty Florist, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

Continued
overleaf

● Traditional white makes this classical
satin bridal gown, trimmed with hand-
made roses. A rose secures the veil.



✦ Bridal gown with tapered torso of Provence lace, long lace sleeves, scalloped neckline, and ivory satin skirt appliqued with lace motifs.



✦ Lace ankle-length gown with high-rising waistline and narrow belt with large bow. The very small veil attaches to a tiny matching lace hat.



● Gown by Cavanagh, maker of the Duchess of Kent's bridal dress.

● Cage veil anchored by tiny "Jackie Kennedy" pillbox. (Jacques Heim.)

● Tulle gown with Chantilly trim. A diadem holds the veil. (Balmain.)

Wedding Day

Tradition and romance decree . . .



● Claude Riviere of Paris made this white, heavy lace short wedding gown. The tulle veil is by the Paris milliner Jean Barthet.



● Wedding gown of embroidered white organdie with veil matching.



● Demure Paris short wedding dress with long torso and prim trims of fine pleating.



● Large cloche sleeves and bell skirt in heavy moire gown.



● Short all-lace wedding dress with filmy waist-length veil. Dainty lace gloves are worn.



● Short wedding dress of spotted net with trim, belt, and rosette of white satin. (Heim.)



● White Swiss embroidery makes this short Paris dress. The veil is tulle and held by a rose.



Feather-light nylon lace gown with plain round neckline and wide, full sleeves. Veil, held by marguerites, is nylon net.



Relaxed styling in a celanese acetate and rayon crepe wedding gown trimmed with embroidered self flowers. Sleeves are straight and veil is long.



Pure silk satin gown with long torso. Pearl embroidery edges neckline and sleeves.

Chantilly lace over taffeta with cathedral-length train finished by a dust ruffle of pleated nylon.

THE BRIDE WEARS WHITE

Here are seventeen wedding gowns, all white, but all so different. The bride attunes her gown to her tastes and to the occasion—a "big" wedding, a "quiet" one, or something in-between. The pictures show both long and short gowns in materials from fairy-like tulle to rich laces and moire.



Bouffant veil, huge skirt swept into a gentle train.

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Continued

Wedding Day

A RECEPTION AT HOME

By
MARY MORROW,
a real-life mother-of-the-bride

● I am not an Elsa Maxwell, giving a party for 1000 people. I'm a businesswoman and must subtract eight hours from each day for my work. But I managed to run a most successful wedding reception in a house, for 70 people, by a sort of demented remote control.

MY daughter was born in 1941. As I held her in my arms, I followed her down the years in my own private mental cinema-show till her wedding day.

Then, seemingly in a flash, 20 years had gone and she was to marry the handsome stranger who filled her heart with love, and our feminine home with gaiety and masculine ebullience.

In those 20 years I'd moved from my home State, been sheared off from my security, become widowed and a businesswoman.

What sort of a wedding would we have?

A friend's house

My mind went into orbit and began to spin. It seemed a tremendous job to tackle with my limited time.

The first light came when a friend offered her lovely house, with two large reception-rooms. Now all we had to do was plan the details.

We began four months before the wedding date.

Whilst thinking, I found an old used exercise book of my daughter's. The cover said, "Latin, Form IV B."

She didn't seem to have done much Latin and there was plenty of room in it for my notes. Page 1 was Church.

So we rang the Vicar, booked the church, and ascertained that he was free to perform the ceremony.

We also decided to have the choir, engage the organist, chose a hymn and music, checked to see that the vergers would be in attendance, and that we could have the flowers done for a small fee.

That was all John's expense and came to 13 gns.

All these jobs he would have done had he been in town, but John lived interstate.

So we also engaged the hire cars by telephone and John sent a confirming letter and cheque.

We ordered two black limousines, one for the bride and her uncle, and one for the bridesmaid.

I travelled in the family's car with a brother-in-law and my house guest.

The cars were ordered for 4.15 p.m., the wedding being for 4.30 p.m. — we lived only 10 minutes from the church.

The cost — £4/4/- per hour each — was paid by John.

The best man did the actual paying on arrival at the reception and we had the hire cars for one hour. There were no studio photographs, so no waiting.

The wedding cake was easy, just a matter of having the money to pay for it and arrange delivery a few days before the wedding.

Ours was 12in. square with one 6in.-square tier. It was more than adequate for 70 people and left the small tier for "the first anniversary or christening." It cost £10/10/-.

We bought 100 wedding invitations, choosing an easy-to-read roman-type print and the very best hand-torn paper.

With envelopes and stamps the cost was just under £10.

There were too many, but the wedding list included a dozen or more friends overseas and interstate.

They could not come, but we knew they'd like an invitation — and we allowed for mistakes in addresses, etc.

The wedding list was difficult. Seventy sounds a large number, but it had to include my friends, friends of the family, Mary and John's friends, and friends of his family — not many each.

That meant another list — the musts, the ones we'd like, the ones we can ask knowing they can't come.

(A ghastly thought crossed my mind, what if they did come!)

Bless drip-dry!

A night at the dining-room table with a finalised list, and a phone book to check on addresses and initials, finished that job. I added a private list of the people to ask if there were refusals.

All this was done leisurely during the first month. My daughter and I also met at lunchtimes and looked at patterns and fabrics, bought the final

linen, etc., for the trousseau (we'd been collecting it for the previous year), decided on her undies — all bought and mostly nylon.

I seemed to have done so much sewing for my own trousseau — not necessary when you can buy drip-dry fabrics!

I made lists of those, too. When we came to pack — her undies for her honeymoon, undies to go straight to her new home — it was easy to do it by list.

"Flustered"

A dear friend was entrusted with the list H for honeymoon, on which P meant pack-for-later and S special for her wedding night.

Latin Form IV B was rapidly filling.

We had spoken to our favorite dress-maker — one of those marvellous little women — giving her four full months' notice. But time was slipping by and one month had gone.

She by now had the fabrics for the wedding gown, my dress, maid's gown, and coat, suit, and ballerina for the bride.

So one night, feeling slightly deranged (nothing had been started), I made a note to remind myself to ring her in the morning.

I started off on a slightly hysterical note, mentioned the flight of time, number of dresses, and the lack of time for fittings.

But I was calmed by her gentle assurance that she liked to start just one month before the day, and would make mine first because "the mothers of brides got flustered."

I thanked her, but bridled a little and was determined not to be flustered — a horrible word!

I noted the fitting dates and firmly underlined them.

A month to the day. Lunch hours were full. It was a mad rush out, and an even madder rush back to one of the more exclusive stores where I thought I'd left Latin IV B!

If that was lost I was sunk. It had all those lists, those names, addresses, phone numbers, and Things-TO-DO.

A salesman handed it over with a rather patronising smirk. But the relief!

We settled the speeches quietly one night by the fire. There were six in all — short ones.

The householder was the master of ceremonies and proposed the toast of the Queen.

Continued on page 37, with menus and recipes overleaf.



Wedding Day A Reception at Home (cont.)

MENU AND RECIPES

● Mrs. Morrow's reception was for 70 people and the food cost £50. "There was heaps, and it was delicious," she writes. Her menu, food order, and main recipes are on these pages.

THE MENU

HOT Savories
Chicken Livers and Bacon
Cheese Savory on Fried Bread
with Banana and Bacon
Small Sausage Rolls
Toasted Asparagus Rolls

COLD Savories
Oysters on Brown Bread
Cream Cheese in Prunes with
Ginger
Cheese Straws (home-made)
Lobster and Mayonnaise Dip

MAIN DISH
Chicken and Rice

SWEETS
Italian Cassata
Wedding Cake, Coffee,
Peppermint Creams

Food Order

12 doz. oysters	2 jars tomato
14 capons	chutney
3 lobsters	1 bottle
6lb. butter	sauterne
2lb. chicken	6 doz. pepper-
livers	mint creams
6lb. bacon	6 doz. slices
6 doz. sausage	cassata
rolls	80 slices white
(bought)	bread
1 doz. eggs	80 slices fresh
4 pints milk	brown bread
2 pints cream	2lb. loaf sliced
6 tins aspara-	thickly for
gus	croutons
8lb. rice	6 long french
1½lb. cheese	rolls
2lb. prunes	
1 jar mayon-	FRUIT
naise	18 lemons
3 pkts. cream	3 lettuce
cheese	Parsley
Paprika	2 green pep-
Bayleaves	pers
Preserved	2 red peppers
ginger	1 cucumber
Crystallised	12 bananas
cherries	4lb. onions
½lb. walnuts	2 bunches
Nutmeg	celery
1½lb. coffee	Extra doz.
2lb. coffee	lemons for
crystals	drinks
2 pkts. plain	6 oranges for
flour	drinks

EXTRAS: White satin ribbon for handle of knife to cut cake. Large box toothpicks for savories.

Three packets wedding paper serviettes for wrapping pieces of wedding cake.

Nine candles, non-drip variety, for candelabra.

HINT ON HIRE

● Hiring cutlery and glasses is worth the small cost (writes Mrs. Morrow) and avoids confusion in borrowing some here, some there, and then returning them to the right homes.

SHE writes: The biggest decision was the food and drinks for the wedding breakfast.

Would we have the food we chose cooked in bulk and brought into the house, or do it the harder way and engage these wonderful women who come into your house and cook?

The latter was a terrific job, but well worth it.

We finally decided on a Mrs. W., and I telephoned her one night, explaining that I wanted an elegant and tasteful breakfast, not skimped, not too ostentatious. I explained the cooking facilities.

After an hour on the telephone, I realised I had written pages and pages in Latin IV B.

I had a menu for 70 people, a list of commodities to be bought, the promise of an offider for Mrs. W., and four waitresses.

The food was to be served from two auto-trays, one in each reception-room. As it was buffet-style food there was no worry about seating. Labor cost £40. I dissected the list into what I could manage in town, what my kind sister would shop for, which items had to be ordered at once and picked up later.

Bread thicknesses were decided on for oysters, for asparagus rolls, for croutons. But it was all in promises!

New courage came with the morning.

I had my lists to go by and a note to get the casseroles, pots, and pans needed.

Chicken and rice was the main dish, and delicious it was. Mrs. W. came a day before the wedding and steamed the chickens, so she had the stock for the fried rice. While there she prepared the asparagus rolls for toasting.

Club waiters

I ordered six dozen pieces of cassata from a well-known Italian restaurant, and it came packed in dry-ice.

I finalised all the arrangements for it six weeks before the wedding and checked back a week before.

A male friend of the family ordered the drinks for me. We allowed eight glasses of champagne to a bottle and 20 drinks per bottle of spirits. Of 18 bottles of champagne there was some over.

The same friend hired two waiters from his club. They cost £10 and were worth every penny.

Additions to the list were ice for the day, some means of cooling champagne (we borrowed babies' baths), and soft drinks and soda water.

I had to find time to go and see the cutlery and glasses I'd hired by phone. We hired everything except plates, of which we seemed to have dozens, for £26/13/-.

The Main Dish



CHICKEN AND RICE

● Two capons, 2 sliced onions, 4 sticks celery (chopped), salt and pepper, water, 1lb. rice, 4 tablespoons oil, chicken stock, ½ cup sauterne, ½ cup chopped red pepper (parboiled), ½ cup chopped green pepper (parboiled), 2 cups chopped shallots, 6 rashers bacon (rind removed, chopped, and lightly sauteed).

Place capons in large saucepan with onion, celery, salt and pepper, and cover with water. Bring to the boil, spoon off any scum, and simmer gently, covered, for about 1 hour or until tender. Cool, remove capon, and reserve chicken stock for later use. Remove flesh from bones, stand aside. Heat oil in large frying-pan and add rice, stirring over low heat until lightly browned and coated evenly with oil. Pour in sauterne and enough chicken stock to just cover the rice, cover, and simmer gently, stirring occasionally, until all stock is absorbed and rice is tender. Fold in chicken meat, red and green pepper, shallots, and bacon. Reheat. Pile on to hot platter and serve. This recipe serves 10 people.

LEFT: One of the platters of chicken and rice. Four waitresses helped in the buffet-style serving.



● The two-tier wedding cake is the centrepiece in the simple table setting. Trails of camellias are the only decoration.

CHEESE STRAWS

● Three ounces grated cheese, 1oz. grated Parmesan cheese, 2oz. butter, 2½oz. flour, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 egg-yolk, lemon juice.

Mix butter lightly into flour and add cheeses, salt, and cayenne. Beat egg-yolk and lemon juice together, mix with dry ingredients to a stiff paste. Roll out thinly and cut into straws (strips 3in. long and ¼in. wide). Bake in a moderate oven 8 minutes. Roll out rest of the pastry and cut into circles, cut out centres, leaving a ring. Bake rings and centres in a moderately hot oven until pale color and crisp, about 8 minutes. Serve each ring with a bundle of straws through it. Use centres as biscuits. Store in air-tight container. (These quantities will serve 20 people.)

PRUNE CREAMS

● Two pounds prunes, ¼ cup finely chopped preserved ginger, 12oz. cream cheese, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Remove stones from prunes. Combine the chopped ginger, cream cheese, and lemon juice and mix all well together until thoroughly creamed. Place a little of this mixture in each prune cavity and chill. Serve.

SAUSAGE ROLLS

● One pound puff pastry, 1lb. sausage mince, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 small clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt, pepper, pinch mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon flour (blended with 1 dessertspoon water), egg-yolk and milk for glazing.

Combine mince in saucepan with onion, garlic, parsley, sauces, seasonings, and flour. Stir over heat and cook until slightly thickened. Pour on to a shallow plate and allow to cool. Roll pastry out thinly on floured board in an oblong shape. Cut into 3in.-wide long strips, place meat mixture down centre, glaze edges of pastry. Roll up carefully. Cut small rolls about 1½in. long. Glaze with egg-yolk and milk. Place in a hot oven to bake for 10 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot. (These quantities make about 40 rolls.)

"Wedding Day" is continued overleaf

The Savories



LOBSTER MAYONNAISE

● One lobster, lemon juice, salt and pepper, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise (use your favorite recipe).

Remove flesh from lobster tail and cut into bite-size pieces. Season with lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and place a bowl of mayonnaise in the centre of dish. Cover and place in refrigerator until ready for use.

CHEESE SAVORIES

● One loaf french bread, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, salt, cayenne pepper, 2 cups milk, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup grated cheese, 4 rashers bacon (rind removed), 2 bananas, chopped parsley, paprika.

Cut bread into ½in.-thick slices and toast lightly. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and cook 1 minute without browning. Season with salt and cayenne pepper and stir in milk. Continue stirring over heat until sauce thickens. Simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat and add egg-yolk and cheese. Saute chopped bacon in its own fat until crisp. Fold into sauce with mashed bananas. Spoon mixture on to top of toasted bread slices and sprinkle with parsley or paprika.



CHICKEN LIVERS AND BACON

● Half-pound chicken livers, salt and pepper, 4oz. butter, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon soya sauce, 1lb. bacon rashers (rind removed).

Soak chicken livers in salted water ½ hour. Drain. Heat butter in pan, add Worcestershire sauce and soya sauce. Saute chicken livers in this mixture a few minutes. Season to taste. Roll liver halves in pieces of bacon and secure with cocktail sticks. Cook under hot grill, basting occasionally with any remaining butter and sauce mixture until liver is tender and bacon is transparent. Serve hot. (Quantities serve 20.)

TOASTED ASPARAGUS ROLLS

● One loaf thinly sliced fresh white bread, butter, 2 tins green asparagus spears (drained), salt and pepper, melted butter, parsley to garnish.

Cut all crusts from bread slices and spread thinly with butter. Place an asparagus spear on each slice of bread, season with salt and pepper, and roll up. Secure with cocktail sticks. Coat with melted butter and toast under grill until lightly browned and crisp. Serve hot, garnished with parsley. (Quantities serve 20.)



IN THE CHURCH: After escorting bride (3) to waiting groom (4) father (1) steps back and to left, allowing chief bridesmaid (2) to move forward to take the bride's bouquet. Best man is (5), flower-girls (6), bridesmaid (7).

Order of arrival

FIRST of the bridal party to arrive at the church are the bridegroom and best man, who leave the bridegroom's home together. (See best man's duties.)

They wait in the vestry, and when informed the bride has arrived, take their places at the right in front of the first pew, facing the altar.

The chief bridesmaid and bridesmaids arrive next, and wait to receive the bride.

On arrival, the mother of the bride is shown by an usher into the front left-hand pew, where the closest members of her family are already seated. The second left-hand pew is also for relatives of the bride.

The corresponding pews on the right are reserved for the bridegroom's family.

Last to arrive are the bride and her father, or, in his absence, the relative or friend who is to give her away.

Down the aisle

BRIDES may either send their bridesmaids, led by the chief bridesmaid, down the aisle first or they may lead the way, followed by the attendants.

On her father's right arm, the bride proceeds slowly to the altar with him.

At the head of the aisle the bride's father leaves her at the left side of the bridegroom and steps back (see drawing above).

The chief bridesmaid's position is similar, but nearer to the bride.

The other bridesmaids and groomsmen move to places arranged at the wedding rehearsal.

The father of the bride goes forward to reply to the question, "Who giveth this woman?" He then quietly joins his wife.

This is the signal for the chief bridesmaid to go forward, take the bridal bouquet, and step back again.

Some brides now also remove their left glove, handing it with their flowers to the chief bridesmaid. Others enter the church with glove already turned back.

A bride does not wear her engagement ring on her left hand going to the altar. She can wear it on the other hand, or leave it off.

After the wedding vows, the best man places the wedding ring on the prayer-book held open by the clergyman. The bridegroom then slips it on the left-hand third finger of the bride.

After the clergyman's "With this ring I thee wed," bride and groom kneel side by side.

Some clergymen approve the groom kissing the bride before leaving the altar. Others prefer the kiss to be given in the vestry.

The movement to the vestry is led by the clergyman, with the bridal couple next, then the chief bridesmaid on the best man's left arm, the parents, and a few close relatives.

In the vestry

IN the vestry the register is signed, with the chief bridesmaid and the best man—if they are over 21—as witnesses.

The bouquet is now returned to the bride.

The best man, who will have been given the fees, enclosed in an envelope by the bridegroom, now gives these to the clergyman. He also passes on the verger's tip if this has not been done.

Emerging, the bride and groom (she on his left arm) go first, followed by chief bridesmaid and best man, bridesmaids and groomsmen, then the bride's mother, on the left arm of the bridegroom's father, and the groom's mother, on the arm of the bride's father.

Others pair off, a member of the bride's family walking when possible with one of the bridegroom's family.

Wedding Day

ETIQUETTE

THE BRIDE longs for her wedding to be beautiful and perfect. She is the star of this day of days, and it is her privilege to choose the date, the church, her gown, the bridesmaids, and their dresses. She cuts the cake at the reception and she writes the thank-you letters for the presents.



RECEIVING GUESTS: Reception guest (6) follows earlier arrivals (3) along dotted line to greet bride's parents (5), then groom's parents (4), and lastly bride and groom. The bride's mother is the hostess at the reception.

Duties of the chief bridesmaid

● Traditionally, a chief bridesmaid is a sister or other relative or a very close friend of the bride, so she knows the bride very well.

IT is her task to help the bride in every way both before and on the wedding day.

With a "big" wedding, her help with parties, dress fittings, and choosing and checking accessories is invaluable.

On the day, her principal pre-ceremony duty is to help the bride to dress and keep schedules (for flowers, hairdressing, etc.) to time.

In the flurry and excitement it's a good idea for her to have a mild tranquilliser or some such thing in

her handbag—someone is bound to need it!

At the church she checks that all is in perfect order—especially the veil and train—before the bride's progress down the aisle.

When in church she should hand her own bouquet to the nearest bridesmaid so that she can take the bride's bouquet when necessary and help the bride with her glove.

After the cake is cut the chief bridesmaid helps the bride change into her going-away clothes.

The best man's duties

● The best man, usually a bachelor friend of the bridegroom, has the task of relieving the bridegroom of as much routine detail as possible.

INDEED, his best plan is to assume that the groom is in too much of a dither to attend to even the smallest thing, and take control of arrangements from the beginning.

He helps the groom get ready (not forgetting his buttonhole), gets him to the church at least a quarter of an hour before the bride, and stays with him.

He takes charge of the all-important wedding ring until it is time to hand it over in church.

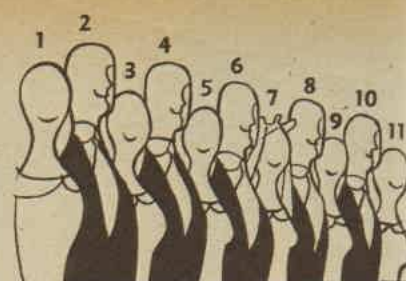
After the ceremony he escorts the

chief bridesmaid to the vestry. He later sees the bridal couple to their car.

He attends to such fees and tips as are the bridegroom's expenses.

At the reception he responds to the toast of the bridesmaids and reads the telegrams.

He also helps in the going-away arrangements by ensuring the car arrives on time, looks after the going-away travel tickets, and sees that hired cars, etc., have been paid.



AT THE RECEPTION. Popular in Australia, and correct, is this seating at the bridal table: (1) bride's mother, (2) bridegroom's father, (3) bridesmaid, (4) groomsman, (5) bridesmaid, (6) best man, (7) bride, (8) bridegroom, (9) chief bridesmaid, (10) groomsman, (11) bridegroom's mother. Next, the bride's father. (There are other correct ways.)

The invitations

● Invitations should be white and printed in silver or ink. They are usually posted about three weeks before the wedding.

THEY are issued from the home of the bride. Envelopes should be addressed by hand, and replies should be hand-written.

Invitations should go to relatives and friends of both the bride and the groom, including the groom's parents, bridesmaids, and groomsmen.

An invitation in the usual form would read:

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Weekly
request the pleasure of the company of
at the marriage of their daughter
Rose Joan
with
Mr. James Smith

at
St. John's Church, Eastwood,
on Saturday, December 6, at 3.30 p.m.,
and afterwards at
"Woodlands," Oliver Street, Eastwood.
R.S.V.P.

A correct acceptance would read:

Mr. and Mrs. J. James have much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. Weekly's invitation to the marriage of their daughter, Rose Joan, to Mr. James Smith on Saturday, December 6, and afterwards at "Woodlands," Oliver Street, Eastwood.

Where a person is invited, but unable to attend, it is courteous to state the reason, as:

Mr. and Mrs. J. James very much regret that they are unable to accept Mr. and Mrs. Weekly's kind invitation to the marriage of their daughter, Rose Joan, to Mr. James Smith on Saturday, December 6, and afterwards at "Woodlands," Oliver Street, Eastwood, because they will be out of town on that date.

Some people adhere to the old strict etiquette of accepting the invitation first, though they know they cannot attend, and later writing a letter explaining why they will not be there.

WHO PAYS WHAT

● **BRIDE'S PARENTS:** Trousseau, the Press wedding announcement, invitations, cars taking bride, bridesmaids, and themselves to the church, flowers in the church, and the reception, including the cake. (The bride has often been holding down a job, so often buys her trousseau, or most of it, these days.)

● **BRIDEGROOM:** Flowers carried by the bride, the bridesmaids, and those worn or carried by the bride's mother, and the buttonholes worn by the best man and groomsmen. The wedding ring, and all fees connected with the church ceremony. The cars taking himself and the best man, the bride, her parents, and the bridesmaids and groomsmen from the church to the reception.

It is also traditional for the bridegroom to give the bride a present, and to make some small gift—usually of jewellery—to the bridesmaids.

● **BRIDESMAIDS** provide their own outfits. As the bride chooses these, she should carefully consider practicability for later.

A RECEPTION AT HOME

Wedding Day

One brother-in-law proposed the bride and groom's health, and John replied to that and called for a toast for the bridesmaid.

The best man answered for the bridesmaid. Another brother-in-law made the speech about the bride and groom's parents, to which John's father replied.

The best man read the telegrams. Everything was fine. We took the swatches of dresses to the florist and chose the bride's and maid's bouquets, and they were exquisite.

Then there were flowers for the house, a spray for the top of the wedding cake, and trails for the wedding-cake table — these were my responsibility and cost £15.

Then there were wedding sprays for me, for John's mother, for Gran, and for the lady of the house, plus the gardenias for the men — seven of them — groom, best man, two ushers, father of the groom, the "giver-away," and the man of the house.

These were John's expense — £15. I made a very special note to find out the color of John's mother's dress.

Replies and refusals for the wedding began arriving. I added extra guests. The wedding gifts also arrived and created a problem. Where to put them, in a small flat?

I cleared a long bookcase and as we undid each box we took one item only out, if they were glasses.

Groom arrives

We marked the box with the sender's name and contents and stored it away.

We made a list for reference when repacking, and for the bride's convenience when writing her thank-you letters, and for insurance. (That was sheer brilliance.)

My cleaning lady promised to watch over the gifts while the wedding was in progress.

A week before the day.

A very good friend had arrived to stay, the bride had left her job.

I gave her a list for John — the wedding ring, his gifts to the bridesmaid and groomsmen, the insurance, a final date to see the Vicar.

I managed to get 2½ days off work.

The bridegroom arrived, causing confusion, distracting the bride from my relentless driving, and being very individual and masculine in our very feminine household. That was right and proper, but we must press on.

Three nights before the wedding we all gathered at my friend's house to move furniture. Doors were taken off to make more room, couches, chairs, and tables rearranged to seat about 40.

The linen had been laundered. In the kitchen, doors were taken off cupboards to make it easier to get at the cleared and freshly papered shelves where plates of savories were to stand.

Ashtrays were put about, and cigarettes in the boxes. (It was thoughtful of John to remember those.)

Various items had been collected by friends and family with cars. The drinks arrived, and the cake.

Then it rained!

All dresses, hats, veil, shoes, bags, luggage, and gloves were in my flat.

Latin IV B was a mess of ticks and I was pretty pleased with myself.

Came the day and it poured rain! I went to the house to find flowers being done most beautifully by a friend, the champagne on the ice, the glasses shining, and wonderful smells coming from the kitchen.

Something had to be done about the rain, so we found time to hire coir matting for the driveway and verandah, and a tarpaulin for use overhead outside the kitchen.

A final check, and, after a false alarm about the non-appearance of six dozen teaspoons which had been safely put away by a helper, I left for my own home.

The bride had arrived from the hairdressers and looked beautifully relaxed.

We had the traditional grilled chops for lunch and I was told to be calm.

Of course I was calm. To assure them I poured out a strong dose of sal volatile—and discovered later it was a dose of mild facial astringent.

It did me no harm, however!

The plans we'd so enjoyed making began rolling into shape.

About three we had a cup of tea by the fire, then we dressed.

A friend came to fix the bride's veil and bridesmaid's headdress. The giver-away arrived on time, 4.15

p.m., but the car shot off without taking the luggage marked H.

Damn! But it could be fixed.

We had a small glass of champagne standing in a little circle, with my lovely daughter the starry-eyed centre-piece.

The flowers arrived. The hire cars were waiting. The procession moved off and we arrived at the church on time.

The ushers were there, gardenias in buttonholes, the groom and best man were in their places.

We all rose as we sensed the arrival of the bride.

She looked so lovely, almost a stranger, someone I might have known a long time ago.

I allowed myself one dab with a small white handkerchief. No more lists or planning. The dream of 20 years before was coming true.

You can have a wedding reception at a hotel or reception rooms and have few or no worries; or have it at home as we did, with all the drama, worries, work, and endless lists; but I know what I'd do if I had the chance again. And I still have Latin IV B for reference.



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for the first time
anywhere
in the world!

beauty-salon care for your individual skin type with New Personal Size beauty treatment range FROM MAX FACTOR

Paris, Rome, New York, Brussels, London, Sydney, Rio de Janeiro... in each of these beauty-conscious capitals there is a Max Factor Salon, famous for its skin beauty treatments. Now, for the first time anywhere in the world, Max Factor introduce a PERSONAL SIZE of the unique beauty treatment lines perfected and used in these luxurious beauty salons.

Now, for your individual skin, complete Beauty-Salon care. Is your skin dry? Oily? Normal? Disturbed? Are you over 25? Or a teenager? For each and every skin problem, there are Max Factor beauty treatments which will fulfil the promise of a clearer, smoother skin. Start tonight on your individual skin care... and this time next week see a much lovelier you.

Over 25... with dry or normal skin?

DOUBLE-DEPTH CLEANSING CREAM completely non-alkaline so that it can't dry your sensitive skin. Wax-free, too, so that it cleanses away all clogging make-up, leaving your skin smooth and soft, beautifully clean.
NEW PERSONAL SIZE 9/6

VELVETY NIGHT CREAM is a smooth, light cream especially formulated for dry or normal skin. It also adds moisture to the skin, correcting dryness, smooths and softens your skin overnight.
NEW PERSONAL SIZE 14/11

Over 25... with oily skin?

GENTLE FOAM CLEANSER a pearly liquid to completely cleanse your skin of excess oil and clogging make-up. Although thorough, this cleanser is gentle, leaves your skin beautifully soft and youthfully supple.
NEW PERSONAL SIZE 11/6

VITA-NIGHT CREAM, a light vitamin cream that absorbs the oils your skin secretes overnight. Next morning, you rinse away excess oils... begin the day with a fresher clearer complexion.
NEW PERSONAL SIZE 14/11

Specially for Teenagers

CLEAR-UP A tinted, medicated lotion, specially developed by Max Factor, to dry up blemishes and conceal them at the same time. Clear-up can be used on individual "spots" as a cover-up, or as a light make-up over the entire face.
NEW PERSONAL SIZE 11/6

For all ages

ACTIVE MOISTURISER (for dry and normal skins) to replenish both oil and moisture and prevent your skin from feeling dry and parched. It helps to keep your skin dewy and young-looking.
NEW PERSONAL SIZE 11/6

SECRET KEY (for all skin types)... this is the vital conditioner... exclusive to Max Factor — that restores every skin to its correct acid alkalinity balance. Applied before your night cream, it opens the barrier to allow the cream to do its full work.
NEW PERSONAL SIZE 11/6

EYE CREAM PLUS (for all skin types)... specially designed to care for the tissue around your eyes. Patted in nightly, it discourages "crows feet" and tiny lines.
NEW PERSONAL SIZE 10/6

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* In handy jars from 2oz. to 16oz.



New improved Marmite is second to none for easy spreading and savoury appetite-building flavour . . . and out on its own for vitamin goodness! Try it. Spread very, very lightly on toast and sandwiches. Add a teaspoon or so to soups and gravies. Stir into hot water for a pleasant and satisfying drink. Whichever way you serve it, Marmite helps promote sound nerves and general well-being as few other foods can do.

Spreads better! Tastes better! More economical!

Wedding Day

Twenty questions —and answers

● Listed below are answers to the questions most often asked about what is accepted as the correct wear at weddings.

A SPECIAL point is that women attending a wedding avoid black outfits — black is the traditional color for mourning.

For women

WHEN does an afternoon wedding cease to be such and become an evening wedding?
—From 6 p.m. onwards.

Is the length of the bride's dress ruled by the time of the wedding?

—Not these days.

Has a matron of honor to be dressed the same as the bridesmaids?

—It is not necessary, though she should not stand out from the general ensemble.

Should the bride wear jewellery?

—Anything flamboyant is in bad taste, and she should wear only the simplest necklet, earrings, or brooch.

What is the correct wear for the mothers of bride and groom at a formal afternoon wedding?

—Street-length dresses or ensembles are worn by the mothers at all daytime ceremonies.

Is it right for someone being married for the second time to be dressed as a bride and to wear white?

—Those being married for the second time should not look too bridal or wear a long veil, and white is generally considered to be the color belonging to the young bride.

When the bride is wearing a long dress at an evening wedding, should women guests wear long dresses, too?

—Any evening length is acceptable.

Must head-coverings be worn to an evening wedding?

—It is best to wear at least a token head-covering, even if it just a flower, a puff of net, or a feather. Besides, it looks pretty.

Is it obligatory for women guests at a wedding to wear gloves?

—Few such customs are exactly obligatory these days, but no woman guest at a wedding is well turned out without gloves.

At what point should they be taken off?

—Gloves should be retained until the wedding party has been greeted at the reception (either in a receiving line or less formally) and then removed. It is against etiquette either to smoke or eat while wearing gloves.

Would it be incorrect for a bride not to wear gloves?

—Some brides do not—one of them was Princess Margaret.

When do the bride and bridesmaids remove their gloves?

—Some remove them when seated at the bridal table; others, if they are wearing long buttoned gloves, retain them, slipping their hands out of the opening and tucking the empty glove-hand into the slit.

For men

WHAT is the correct attire for the groom at a formal daytime wedding?

He should wear a morning suit consisting of a black or grey cutaway coat, grey waistcoat, and black or grey striped trousers.

With these are worn a stiff-collared white shirt, plain grey or small houndstooth check grey tie, black calf shoes with plain caps, a grey topper, and grey kid or fine grey cotton gloves, which at fashionable weddings are usually carried.

Such formal weddings are rare today.

What should the groom wear at a daytime wedding that is not formal?

It is correct for him to wear either a dark grey or navy lounge suit, white shirt, black calf shoes, and plain grey or navy socks. His tie should be either plain grey or navy, or else a small houndstooth check.

What should the groom wear at a formal evening wedding?

The correct dress is white tie and tails, worn with a stiff-fronted white shirt with wing collar, white pique waistcoat, black silk or lisle socks, black patent shoes; and white cotton or kid gloves, which are carried.

How should a groom dress who is being married in the evening, but does not possess white tie and tails?

It is the custom on such occasions for him to wear dinner dress, plain dark jacket and trousers, white dinner shirt, black bow tie, black silk or lisle socks, and black patent shoes. Gloves are not required.

Are best man and groomsmen always expected to dress in the same way as the groom?

Yes.

Are buttonholes still worn at weddings?

It is a nice touch for the groom, his best man, and the groomsmen to wear a small white flower — usually a carnation — on the left lapel. The stalk should not show.

Are men guests expected to wear gloves?

Only at a formal "top hat" wedding, or (if he is normally a glove-wearer) at a daytime wedding of some size. Gloves are more often carried than worn.

How should a male wedding guest dress when he owns no formal attire or evening dress?

He should wear a plain suit, white shirt, plain or small patterned tie, black shoes, and plain dark socks.

Hints on presents

● Wedding presents should always be addressed to the bride, and sent to her home, even if the sender is a friend of the groom and does not know the bride.

THEY should be sent soon after receiving the wedding invitation—whether the sender is going to the wedding or not.

The attached card should have both the bride and bridegroom's name written on it and a short message, together with the name of the sender.

One of the duties of the bride before or after her wedding is to write short letters of thanks for all gifts.

As well as silver, glass, cutlery, and china, such gifts as kitchen clocks, trays, electric blenders, coffee-grinders, and barbecues are now frequently given.

Cheques are not only permissible but are welcomed by many young couples.

Unless the gift is a family heirloom, the bride may exchange duplicate gifts, but she should make a point of explaining the position to the donor.

Family heirlooms and antiques of various natures are quite permissible as wedding presents, and, in fact, are highly prized by brides and grooms whose tastes run along such lines.

Wedding harmony

• The bride is the centre of attention on her wedding day, and she must ensure that the whole setting is harmonious.

EVERY detail must be gone into thoroughly — the style, color, and material of her bridesmaids' dresses, the bouquets, headdresses, and church decorations.

The ideal way to work out these problems is to sit down with your bridesmaids, sketch designs, and discuss color and materials, remembering that all must blend into a complete picture.

For instance, if the bride were wearing a heavy brocade, she would never have her attendants in organdie or tulle. She avoids startling contrasts.

The bridesmaids may be very different in coloring, and perhaps one will be short and fat, the other tall and thin.

So the bride compromises on a style and color that will suit both girls.

She remembers, too, that the back view of all gowns is the one most seen. Sheath dresses, then, should be kept for the very slim and elegant.

Decorating the church should not be a rushed, last-minute, "any-old-thing-will-do" affair, but needs careful planning to harmonise with dresses and flowers.

Below, we've chosen three typical wedding dresses and designed a complete scheme for color, style, and suggested decorations for the church.

Design No. 1

BRIDE'S DRESS. A traditional gown of white heavy delustrated satin. Long sleeves, high neckline, full skirt cut in panels. Headdress a simple satin band with fingertip veil. White satin shoes. To carry, a small trail of white Cecil Brunner roses.

TWO BRIDESMAIDS. Dresses of delustrated satin, one in pale gold, the other deep gold. Short belled skirt, high neckline, 3/4-length sleeves, long white gloves. Matching satin shoes. Circlet of white Cecil Brunner roses and, to carry, trail of white and gold Cecil Brunner roses.

THE CHURCH. Keep the theme white and gold with masses of white and gold roses



on the altar, and pews decorated with tiny posies of white and gold Cecil Brunner roses.

Design No. 2

BRIDE'S DRESS. A sophisticated gown in cream delustrated satin or brocade. A slim skirt to the floor in front with a deep pleated panel at the back falling to a train. Long sleeves, wide, scooped neckline, coronet of same material, shoulder-length veil. Carrying green orchids with a deep cream satin bow. Matching satin or brocade shoes.

TWO BRIDESMAIDS. Both wearing matching dresses of a creamy-coffee delustrated satin or brocade. Length—just below the knee with a slim skirt and full panel at the back. Short sleeves, long cream gloves. Matching shoes and coronet. Carrying creamy orchids or tiger lilies.

THE CHURCH. Creamy roses or massed autumn-toned chrysanthemums on the altar, pale green orchids, with a deep cream bow on pews.

• Bridesmaid's dainty dress of iridescent nylon net, with a filmy coat, is useful for parties later.

Design No. 3

BRIDE'S DRESS. Specially for the young bride, a short dress in white organdie or embroidered nylon over masses of petticoats. A high neckline bound with satin, buttoned with tiny satin-covered buttons to the waist. Sleeveless style, with white wrist-length gloves, white satin shoes. Headdress—one large white rose with very full shoulder-length veil.

TWO BRIDESMAIDS. One wearing palest pink, the other pale lilac in organdie or nylon. Dresses are short, with a scooped neckline, sleeveless, worn with white wrist-length gloves and matching satin shoes. Headdress a circlet of violets, carrying violet posy.

THE CHURCH. Have the altar completely white and the pews decorated with bunches of violets tied with deep purple ribbon.

Basic trousseau

• Every girl dreams of having a beautiful trousseau for her honeymoon and the early years of her marriage. Below are the basic requirements for personal wear and for items of linen needed for a new home.

NOWADAYS most lingerie is made from synthetic fabrics that wash and wear like a dream, so a bride can turn up her nose at the mountains of clothes that Grandmother regarded as "musts."

A reasonable modern trousseau would include:

One negligee and matching nightgown; 2 summer nightgowns; 1 brunch coat; 1 pair scuffs or summer slippers; 2 winter nightgowns; 1 long winter dressing-gown; 1 bed-

jacket; 1 pair winter slippers. Six pairs stockings; 6 pairs panties (2 dark, 4 light); 3 full-length slips (2 light, 1 dark); 2 slim half-slips (1 light, 1 dark); 1 stiffened full half-slip.

Three girdles; 1 suspender belt; 1 pantie girdle for sports-wear; 3 ordinary bras; 1 long-length strapless bra; 1 short strapless bra; 1 bra with adjustable straps.

Two pairs double-bed or 4 pairs twin-bed blankets; 1 pair

single-bed or three-quarter-bed blankets; 1 eiderdown or rug; 3 pairs double-bed or 6 pairs twin-bed sheets; 2 pairs single-bed or three-quarter-bed sheets; 12 pillow-slips.

Six hand-towels; 6 face-cloths; 8 bath-towels; 2 bath-mats; 6 guest-towels, 12 tea-towels.

Two sets place-mats and serviettes; 4 breakfast-cloths and serviettes; 2 luncheon-cloths; 2 dinner-cloths and serviettes; 1 supper-cloth.

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NO HARD RUBBING!

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No more hard work — you just apply Plush with a cloth, sponge or soft brush and leave it. No hard rubbing... no rinsing... no soaking — just leave it. Leave it to foam and float out trodden-in dirt that wears out your carpet. When dry, sweep or vacuum clean in the usual way and all the loosened dirt is removed. It makes the carpet pile stand up and look like new.

PROVED BY THOUSANDS OF HOUSEWIVES

Plush comes from England, where it has been proved by thousands of housewives as the world's greatest, safest and best carpet shampoo. Keep your carpets looking better longer. Use Plush. One-action foaming Plush is so economical too! One plastic container cleans the average lounge room wall-to-wall carpet for only 8/3.

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GETS CARPETS BRAND-NEW CLEAN

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Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator gives you this true home freezer, separately insulated and refrigerated. It holds 68 lbs. of frozen food and is refrigerated on all five sides for faster, more efficient freezing. Unlike the frozen food chest of an ordinary refrigerator you can safely store foods here for months at a time. It's just like having a supermarket in your kitchen.

Exciting refrigerator-home freezer that never needs defrosting!

This is it! The most exciting new refrigerator in Australia! Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator. This 14.2 cubic feet refrigerator-home freezer combination opens a brighter new world of leisurely living. Every feature has been planned with you in mind. And, thanks to exclusive CYCLIC Defrost, all defrosting is done — automatically! Foodarama is also powered by a bigger, always-efficient "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Inspect the Fabulous Foodarama at your Kelvinator retailer now.

Exclusive Kelvinator Cyclic Defrost is the world's finest method of fully automatic defrosting! It is an efficient, continuous cycle of refrigeration and defrosting. Frost just doesn't get a chance to build up inside your refrigerator. So your Fabulous Foodarama always operates at top efficiency.

There are no timing devices to go wrong and what is even more amazing — no heating elements are used. All your frozen foods stay frozen — and your hands never touch water! CYCLIC Defrost by Kelvinator ends defrosting — forever!

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Kelvinator FOODARAMA 14 De-Luxe. Giant 14.2 cubic feet capacity. Never requires defrosting, huge 68 lbs. Home Freezer; waist-level crispers; full-width, lift-out Fruit and Utility Basket; Twin Dairy Chests; portable Egg Trays hold 24 eggs; Breakfast Bar; slide-out Shelves; "moist-cold" storage. Powered by the mighty "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Price 265 guineas. See the complete new Kelvinator range of 6 models, priced from as low as 139 guineas (slightly higher in some areas). Available with left or right hand opening doors, all with magnetic door-seal gaskets.



Convenient waist-level crispers end stooping and bending forever. Special moisture seal keeps fruit and vegetables crisp and garden-fresh.



Deep-door shelves hold even the tallest bottles. Made of beautiful gold anodised aluminium, they are easily removed and simple to keep clean.

The truth about babies' "cot" deaths

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Many mothers are troubled by a fear that their babies might suddenly suffocate in their cots or prams. Yet, on evidence over the past ten years or so, this fear has been proved groundless.

DESPITE this, we still occasionally read or hear that a baby, apparently normal and healthy, has been found unexpectedly dead in his bed.

"The child suffocated," the report says. Yet suffocation is seldom the cause.

But this kind of death makes mothers worry unduly.

They get up in the night and peep at baby to make sure he's not smothering in his bedclothes or lying with his head under his pillow.

When I brought my first baby home from hospital I was extremely nervous about this smothering business.

But I was lucky. I happened to discuss it with a friend, an experienced nurse. To my amazement she almost laughed at me.

"For goodness' sake," she said, "don't worry about that. A normal healthy child won't suffocate."

I never again fretted.

I was careful, to be sure. The cot was safe, the mattress was firm and fitted properly, the pillow was under the mattress, and the bedclothes were well tucked in across the bed.

It is only in recent years that pathologists investigating deaths of this kind have become expert enough, and their laboratory facilities extensive enough, to give the lie to the "death by suffocation" verdict.

One man in Melbourne who has done a great deal toward clearing up the mystery of these "cot" deaths is former Victorian Government Pathologist Dr. Keith Bowden.

Parents should remember, says Dr. Bowden, that young babies are very vigorous. A normal child doesn't give up his life without a struggle.

What parent hasn't had the experience of being woken in the night by muffled screaming and yelling when baby has

on their sides, two were still on their sides, 17 had turned on their backs, and of these 13 slept with arms above their heads.

From four months on, a baby can quite often turn himself over. If babies can suffocate in bedclothes or when they lie face down you would think that there would be a whole group of babies at this age dying of suffocation. But this isn't the case.

sudden deaths in children are definitely related to sudden outbreaks of illness in the community.

On one occasion it was reported that three babies had suffocated one weekend in localities only a short distance apart. On another, two babies in the same area died unexpectedly in their prams.

These cases, Dr. Bowden felt, pointed definitely to infection in the localities.

Many of these babies are

caused death in every case.

The true reason for death is of paramount importance to parents who have lost a child this way.

Who could be more unhappy than a mother who believes her apparently healthy child has died of suffocation? She never gets over it. She can feel cut off from the world, from all other mothers.

Her sense of guilt and the feeling that the child died through her neglect become an overwhelming burden.

Dr. Bowden told me of one mother.

She had put her baby carefully in his pram one afternoon and left him in the sun while she did some housework indoors. When she came outside some time later she was horrified to find him dead.

dietetic matter and then seemed quite well. Yet, when he was found the next morning dead in his cot, the mother was sure he had suffocated.

Actually this baby had been in contact with another child in the house who had a severe lung infection. Examination after death showed evidence of the same infection.

Parents should not, however, relax their commonsense precautions against accidental suffocation when putting youngsters to bed.

Mothers can always go to their local baby health centre for expert advice on this.

If the mattress fits badly the youngster can wedge his head between the side of the cot and the mattress.

Another danger is the home-

"Parents not to blame," says doctor

worked his way down too far under the bedclothes.

Baby doesn't just lie down and die. He fights and yells.

Many mothers are fearful when their babies sleep face downwards. But many babies prefer to sleep this way.

Although a baby under the age of six months might lie on his back, sometimes with his arms thrown carelessly above his head, over six months he will often lie face down or in a curled-up, on-the-side position.

In the course of his investigations Dr. Bowden went one night to a Melbourne babies' home.

Out of 34 infants aged from seven to 18 months, he found eight sleeping on their backs and 26 sleeping face down.

Of 19 babies aged two to seven months put to bed lying

Unexpected deaths occur in children of all ages.

Once the first year is over the number falls off, getting lower with each succeeding year, because the longer a child lives the more immunity and ability to deal with infection he develops.

Also, if children could suffocate like this you would expect deaths from this cause to increase in certain age groups as the population increases. But this doesn't happen.

There may, in fact, be no cot deaths for some weeks, and then suddenly a series of them.

When admissions to a children's hospital are high, pathologists have found that more cot deaths occur. There are also more during the winter months.

All these facts lead investigators to the conclusion that

not even found face downwards. They are lying on their backs with no bedclothes or pillows near their faces.

In 70 cases of children found dead in cots or prams, only ten were face downwards.

The obvious question is—if the face-downwards position is necessary for suffocation, what happened to the others?

"Mysteries"

In a great many cases it has been established that disease, though unsuspected, was the cause of death — meningitis, heart disease, influenza, respiratory infections.

Some cases remain mysteries, but pathologists are confident that as their methods improve they will be able to show what disease

This woman's husband was prominent in the business and social life of a large country town. Everyone knew him, and it was only the fact that it would harm his position that prevented her taking her own life when her child died like this.

But she read in the Press that it could have been natural causes, and this enabled her to face up to reality again.

In a number of cases within Dr. Bowden's experience, apparent deaths from suffocation occurred in doctors' homes. One of these in particular illustrates perfectly his contention that these cases must not be judged on appearances.

The child was ten months old, and, although so young, could walk. He had been seen the afternoon before he died by a child specialist on a

made cot where the bars are too far apart, so the child can push his head through.

Thin plastic bags and sheeting can cause true suffocation and should not be left where children can get them.

It is unwise for parents to take babies into bed with them, although economic circumstances may force this.

One father Dr. Bowden knew of believed he had accidentally lain with his shoulder over his infant daughter and suffocated her.

She had actually died of meningitis and the father was not responsible at all.

Dr. Bowden stresses that parents who unfortunately lose a child in this way don't have to carry, as well as their sorrow, a feeling of guilt for the rest of their lives.

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Spring always begins for me not with the sudden blossoming of summer clothes in the shops, not when the wattles and the jonquils flower, and not, I'm ashamed to say, with a sudden urge to turn the house inside out, but with one exquisite smell. Brown boronia!

I CAUGHT a whiff of it lately while I was in town shopping with Katherine, and went sniffing my way along Castlereagh Street like a bloodhound, trying to track down the fortunate person who was wearing it.

Brown boronia goes to my head the way champagne and orchids go to other people's—I never get tired of it and I never get enough of it.

"Isn't it intoxicating?" I said to Kat as I dragged her off on a tour of the flower shops to try to find some for myself.

"It's nice, but I'm not wrapped in it the way you are," she said slowly as we plodded unsuccessfully on.

Boronia is the one flower that I will buy for myself, but I certainly get my money's worth out of it. A two and sixpenny sprig of it scents the whole house while it is fresh.

Then, ten days later when it has dried up on its stalks, I take the whole sprig out of its vase and wrap it in an old handkerchief or a thin piece of cloth.

That goes into my chest of drawers among my underclothes or my woollen jumpers, and eighteen months later the little dry sticks and blooms are still giving off their heavenly scent.

Husbands don't notice much KATHERINE and I had a mixed day in town. I had been dragged in, rather unwillingly, to advise her on the purchase of a winter suit and a winter dressing-gown at their rock-bottom, dead-end of the after-sale clearance price.

Instead she came home with a blouse, a pair of summer slacks, and material for two summer dresses, all bought, of course, at their spring preview prices.

Poor Kat, it's very hard when you're struggling along on an inelastic allowance, to spend those precious pounds on bargains that aren't going to be any use to you for six or seven months.

Anyway, I'm in no position to criticise. I went to advise, not to shop, and I came home with a fabulously beautiful silk blouse which I don't need, can't afford, and can't match up with anything I own.

In any case, it was all due to that heady whiff of boronia, promising all the joys of summer.

I borrowed a skirt from Katherine, and was wearing the blouse when Hugh came home that evening. "How do you like this blouse?" I asked.

"It suits you. I've always liked that one," Hugh said, lifting his eyes very briefly from the evening paper.

For some odd reason that's a little difficult to explain, that seemed to absolve me from the need to admit that I'd been wildly extravagant.

And they've no idea of prices HUGH has the oddest ideas about the price of women's clothing. If Katherine has something she's just bought and is immensely pleased with she'll show it to him, saying,

"Isn't it fabulous. Now, what do you think I ought to have paid for that?"

And Hugh, after apparently giving the purchase his most careful attention, will say "Yes, that's very nice. I should say about . . . um . . . well not more than twenty-five shillings."

My method is psychologically a lot sounder than Kat's. If I have a bit of a splurge (which doesn't happen often, family demands for clothing being what they are) I always say, "It was terribly expensive, and it's not the faintest good anyone asking how much, because I'm not going to say."

I can see price tickets flashing through Hugh's brain—fifteen guineas? Twenty-five guineas? Forty? —and when I at last admit what I've paid and my splurge turns out to have been a good deal less than the lowest of his premonitions, he convinces himself that I've got a super bargain.

Hugh laughed his head off the other day when he read somewhere that the only women who dress to please their husbands are those who wear last year's clothing. Them's his sentiments, exactly.

Legacy — tomat, poodle, and bitser I HAVE just had a prolonged argument which started over the phone and was taken up again when I went to have lunch with a friend of mine.

She's in her early fifties, a widow, and owner of several properties, and she's been making her will.

The argument started when she told me that she's left instructions that in the event of her death her three adored pets (a rangy old tabby tomat, a poodle, and a bitser of great charm) were to be painlessly destroyed by a veterinary surgeon.

A lot of lonely people leave these instructions, and I can't see much justification for them.

If they're worried because they fear that their pets will be neglected and left hungry it's perhaps understandable, but usually it's because they believe little Fido is so devoted to them that he'll never draw another happy breath after they've gone.

Phooey. The strongest instinct animals have in common with us is the instinct for their survival—though devoted pets do mourn their owners.

One of our cats decided years ago to reject the whole of creation in favor of me, but if I should have the bad luck to die I certainly wouldn't want Melly sent to the gas-chamber.

I'd expect the family to do the best they could for her, and her lust for life would soon make her adjust to things.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, my friend is now adding a codicil to her will which says that in the event of her death her pets are left to me, either to keep or to dispose of to good homes.

This brought the house down at home when I told the family about it.

"You'd better start praying that she outlives you," Hugh said. "Or else that she keeps her taste for small domestic animals."

"How'll it be if you find some day that you're responsible for a monkey, three Great Danes, and a Jersey cow?"



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THE WORLD OF FUNGI



COMMON fungus, *Armillaria mellea*, causes a root and wood rot in many native trees, especially eucalypts. It is also able to attack orchard trees, such as citrus. Fungi are quick-growing — mushrooms are a fungus.



RED STINKHORN, *Aseroe rubra*, has an unpleasant smell which attracts flies and other insects to the sticky, dark-colored spore masses. The insects distribute the spores. White toadstools are seen on the wood.



AUSTRALIAN NATURE

● Fungi are primitive plants growing from spores, not seeds.



THIS GROUND fungus, *Lepiota dolichaula*, is usually found growing among grass. The picture was taken at Cremorne Point, Sydney, and the fungus grows in the coastal districts of both N.S.W. and Queensland. It is suspected of being poisonous to livestock.



LEFT: Common on dead wood as well as causing rot on living trees is the fungus called *Schizophyllum commune*. It enters mainly through wounds such as pruning cuts. Often seen on neglected peach trees.

ABOVE: This reddish fungus, *Polystictus cinnabarinus*, can kill trees. It is often seen on dead wood, but it will also enter wounds on living trees and cause wood rot. The flower is *Leptospermum attenuatum*.

Picture at top right by Mr. G. Tindale, and lower right by Mr. G. Isaacson, both of Sydney. Others by Mr. P. Roberts, Mt. Kuringal, N.S.W.

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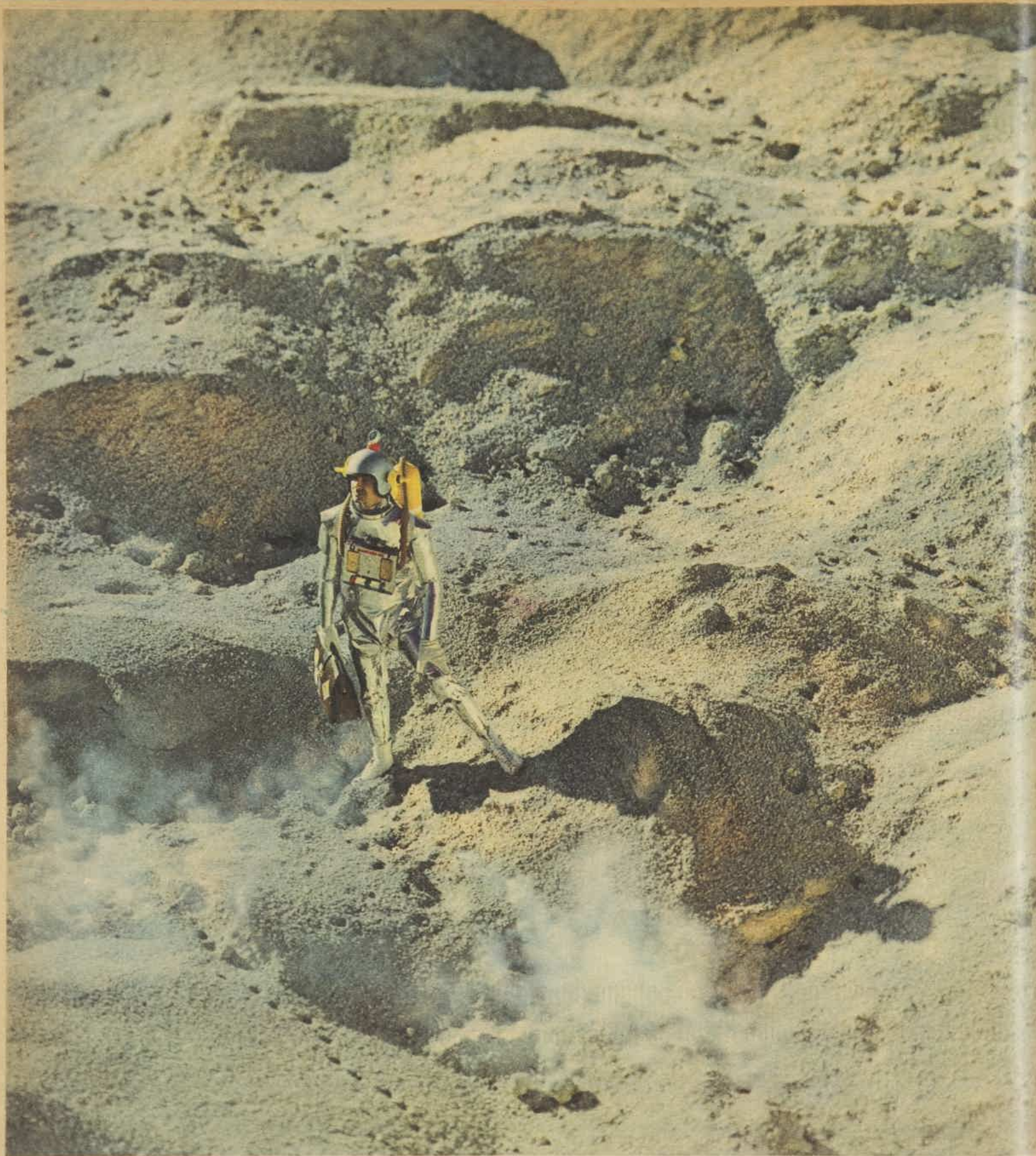
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 30, 1961



JUNIPERUS communis prostrata aurea, a conifer which retains its spreading shape. Ideal for small gardens or rockeries. Many plants once called *Juniperus* are now classified as *Sabina*.

The conifer family

CONIFERS are perhaps the most versatile of all garden subjects. They offer spectacular contrasts for effective planting and give character to the biggest rockery, the smallest plot or terrace, or most elaborate layout.

In summer, conifers provide a foil for floral borders and beds. In winter their soft greys, bright greens, and golds are beautiful year after year.

This large and remarkable family has many uses. Many gardeners think a garden unfinished without some well-placed specimens.

Conifers range from tiny dwarfs to shapely giants, from prostrate types to slender pillars of green and gold.

Dwarf types give an illusion of height or depth to even a small rockery. Green-pillared forms provide formal dignity to entrance gates, flights of steps, or driveways. Larger background conifers make an ideal garden shelter for tender shrubs and flowers, as well as retaining their colorful solidity.

Most conifers are easy to grow under normal garden conditions, but they dislike water-logged situations. They are not fussy about soil.

In long dry periods they sometimes harbor red spider, but this is easily controlled by spraying.

All shrubs and trees should be planted out in winter or early spring.

Some varieties require more pruning than others, especially the pillared or neatly shaped specimens which grow more quickly than the spreading trees.

One of the most popular ornamental conifers is the *Chamaecyparis*. The many varieties differ greatly but all have aromatic foliage.

Some are suitable for hedges.

As the varieties range in height from two to 70 feet, make sure you choose the type suitable to the position.

Juniperus thrive in moderately moist soils, in open situations, differ in size.

Juniperus virginiana, a red or pencil cedar, grows in pyramidal shape, to 30 feet high, while *Juniperus communis compressa*, a dwarf, slow-growing variety, grows to only two feet tall.

— Rosaline Redwood.



THUYA occidentalis recurva Rheingold, a wonderful tub plant, has gold-tipped foliage in summer, golden-brown in winter. Dwarf and slow, it gives years of beauty without continual soil change.



CHAMAECYPARIS obtusa nana aurea grows to only four feet and has dense branches tipped with pale yellow. There are several varieties of the *Chamaecyparis* family. Consult your nurseryman about the best for your district, and care.

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BABY FOODS

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GARDENING

Margaret made herself a cup of coffee, and drank it sitting at the kitchen table, and the clock on the wall marked every minute with a little thump. She could hear the rain. Well, rain is better than fog. But the roads would be slippery, and Kenny's tyres were slick.

How could Clyde sleep so peacefully upstairs? How could he rest? If she wakened him now he'd cover his fears with impatience: "What do you want me to do? Go out and hunt them? Call the police? Kenny's a pretty good driver for his age. Come to bed."

When a car swooped into the driveway Margaret gave a tremendous sigh: Thank heaven! No head-on crash, no splintering glass, no screaming sirens tonight. Janice was home.

She came through the back door swinging her evening slippers in one hand, her dark hair frosted with rain,

her lipstick a little blurred, and she gave her mother a tentative smile, glancing at the clock.

"I'm sorry I'm late; I wish you wouldn't wait up." She frowned. "I always get home all right."

"We said twelve-thirty," Margaret reminded her firmly. "You know the rules! No dates next weekend."

"Yes, I know. It doesn't matter." Janice slumped into one of the chairs. "It was a fabulous party—really great. Do you feel like talking?"

"Of course," Margaret said, trying not to sound too eager. She noticed that Janice was nervous. Janice was terribly thin. She'd start to fill out once she got to college. "Want some ice-cream, dear?"

Continuing . . . THE WHITE DRESS

from page 22

"No, thanks. We stopped at the diner."

Margaret waited. The wish for confidence was rare, a treasure to be handled delicately. She noticed the cleft of a frown between the clear blue eyes, a whiteness around the blur of pink lipstick. She noticed the shoulderblades that seemed to stand up sharply, pressing the ridge of collarbones forward, emphasising the childish hollows above them.

"Mother," Janice said suddenly, squeaking a little, "I've decided I'm going to get married." Not "I'd like to" or "What do you think?" Just: "I'm going to."

"Now—wait a minute," Margaret said, bridling. "When do you mean?" "Right away. Next weekend, maybe." Janice shrugged, but it turned out an awkward jerk of her bony white shoulders. "I think it's a good idea. After all, what's college?"

"Kenny?" Janice gave her one of those baleful sixteen-year-old glances. "Oh, Mother, who else have I been out with in the past two years?"

"Nobody, more's the pity," Margaret thought. "Oh, this premature pairing off like little men and women! Parties in pairs, dances in pairs, two-seated cars—it's an indefensible system, firmly installed. Even the schools are resigned to it."

"It gives them security," Janice's

teacher had said. Angry color slowly suffused Margaret's face, and her heart began to pump in panic.

"You know you can't, dear," she said as calmly as she could. "You're only sixteen. You're going to college, you're on the honor roll. It seems like a long time to wait, but Kenny has three more years at State University; a lot can happen. You'll both meet other people, make new friends. The time will fly, darling."

"I don't think you ever liked Kenny, really," Janice murmured. "You put up with him, you and Daddy, but you think he's a mess—"

"I don't! That's unfair!" Margaret protested more heartily than she intended. It was her own daughter's dependence on him she didn't like. "I think he's sometimes a little overbearing. I never liked going steady. And I never liked his having his own car!"

"You have to go steady, whether you want to or not," Janice insisted. "You know that, Mother. Lots of the kids don't really want to, either. But who wants to get left out?"

"Well, still," Margaret said, "that's a far cry from marriage."

"Mother," Janice said, leaning forward, looking straight into Margaret's eyes: "Mother, I have to."

THE blow descended slowly, a cloud in the silence. The hard, incredible words that every mother of daughters imagines in the anguish of certain sleepless nights . . . that every mother forbids herself to believe could ever be real.

The words had no reality now, none at all. Here in the dim, familiar kitchen, here at the table where they shared their meals. The thing was so impossible, so absurd that a dreadful, derisive laughter welled within her; of all ridiculous things! Janice? Oh, what a monstrous joke, what an evil sense of humor! That quiet child, this half-grown youngster, pregnant?

A shower of thoughts flashed through Margaret's mind, spinning in chaos. She was too young to know what she was saying, she must be wrong! How long has it been? It couldn't happen. She knew we love her; they say that's important, don't they? She knows we trust her. What will I tell her little brothers? What if it's true? She'll never wear her graduation dress. Oh, Clyde, oh, Clyde!

Janice's chin was tipped defensively forward, and her eyelids were lowered, hiding her secrets. She looked quite frail in her flowerlike party dress, the starched petals edging the top of the narrow bodice, the wide bouffant skirt blossoming over the arms of the chair. Her hair was a dark elfin cap perched over her pink-and-white face.

"It—it's too late to talk tonight," Margaret said at last, surprised that her voice formed sensible, sounding words. "Does Kenny know?"

"I told him today," Janice answered, lifting her chin still higher, and when she did so her eyelids closed, and a tear stood out in the corner of one of her eyes and slid down her cheek.

"People are marrying very young these

To page 49



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day." Margaret said faintly, "very young."

She stood up heavily and turned off the kitchen lights, and followed her daughter slowly up the front stairs.

In the hallway Janice kissed her mother distantly, and closed her bedroom door. It was later, a great deal later, almost dawn, when Margaret tiptoed into her room to tuck in the rose-colored blanket, and gently, disbelieving, touched her outspread hand.

In the light of day the events of the previous night assumed the fantastic shape of reality. Margaret got Clyde off to work without a word; she wanted to make absolutely sure before she thrust this extra burden on him. Oh, poor Clyde! So kind, so much concerned with them all — so fond of Janice! Tommy and Tad, the twins now nine, had never evoked the tenderness he felt for his daughter. How would she ever tell him?

Next she got the two boys dressed and off to the bus, a lively handful. She somehow forgot to pack their lunches, and had to give them lunch money as they galloped out the door. The wedding would have to be quick before rumors got to the children — but not too quick, or rumors were even more certain. A week or two?

THEN Janice came downstairs, and Margaret stared in amazement, for she looked no different at all. The same striped chambray dress with roll-up sleeves, the same thin gold chain around her throat. Only her eyes were evasive in the morning light, and she was unduly quiet. Her usual shyness and had a different quality, a deliberate withdrawal. The only sound she made while she ate was the clinkety-clink of her charm bracelets slipping up and down her slender arms.

"We'd better see Doctor Hagen this morning," Margaret suggested hopefully. "Find out for sure."

"I've already seen him," Janice stated. "I made him promise to let me tell you first. He was pretty nice."

"Oh, Janice — Janice!" Margaret breathed.

So it was true. The shock was too big to absorb all at once. Margaret's mind rebelled. No, no! and when she picked up the car keys to drive Janice up to the high school, the ends of her fingers were numb.

Janice buttoned a pale blue sweater around her shoulders, and cradled her books in her arms. She started to go outside, but stopped with one hand on the doorknob, her back toward her mother. Her forehead pressed up against the screen of the door.

"Mother, I'm terribly sorry," she whispered in a rush. "I know that's a terribly little word, but I am, I am! I didn't mean it. I thought I loved him! I don't know how it happened! I—I was used to him, I guess, and I didn't want to lose him."

"I could write an excuse for school," Margaret faltered.

Janice's chin went up, and she opened the door. "No, it keeps me busy. I'd better go."

At the school Margaret held her a moment in the car, pretending to straighten the crease of a neatly turned cuff. "When does Kenny go back to college?" she asked.

"Sunday night. He only came home for the prom." Her voice was steady again.

"When will you see him?"

"He might pick me up after school. He's pretty mad about . . . things."

"Tell him to come to our house tonight after supper."

Janice stiffened. "I don't know whether he'll come!"

"Oh, yes, he'll come. I'll talk to his mother today."

"His mother's in Florida. Only his grandmother's there."

"Never mind, he'll come," Margaret assured her. "Tell him nine o'clock."

"All right, I'll try," Janice promised.

Her mother watched her walk lightly up the long stone steps leading into the school.

Now what first? The doctor, the minister?

Where have I failed? she tormented herself. How were we wrong? Too little freedom, too much? If Clyde and I differed on discipline it was only between ourselves, we always struck a balance before we faced Janice. We decided to let her be "Kenny's girl," and tried to control it. Midnight curfew, no drive-in movies, only two dates a week. But week after week the gathering momentum of hours alone together — she was used to him. Should we have forced her to suffer isolation? The experts say,

Continuing . . . THE WHITE DRESS

from page 48

"Teach your children right from wrong and trust them." We tried. Then how could this—

This (the phrase kept ringing over and over) — this only happens to other people . . . Oh, it does? It's happened here. In this house on Cochran Street. To Janice. To me.

Margaret called on their minister first, a friend for fifteen years. Her muscles grew tense and painful as she talked, her face stained ruby. But he was neither shocked nor righteous, only sad.

"You know how sorry I am, Margaret," he said. "I'm sorry for all these youngsters today, the pressures of unrestraint. Of course I'll marry them whenever you say."

Then she went to see Dr. Hagen. He was indignant, almost rude; he resented his helplessness in cases like this, and they were coming to him much too frequently lately.

"It's time parents learned to say no!" he told her bluntly. "In spite of social customs and the law! Driving cars at sixteen, going steady! I'll tell you this, Margaret: just thank heaven she can marry the boy, and soon . . . Do you like him?"

"I might, ten years from now; it's hard to tell," Margaret answered thoughtfully. "I don't like his dominating ways, but Janice is rather meek and shy; it makes him feel big."

He's an only child! his parents are divorced. Spoiled, I guess, but he's always been polite — sir this, sir that, you know. He's only eighteen."

"Yes." The doctor sighed. "Just be glad they can marry. Not all my patients are quite that lucky, believe me."

At noon she called Clyde home from the office, and haltingly told him what she had to tell.

She had never, in twenty years of marriage, seen her husband lose his temper so violently before. He let out a kind of bellow, wrenched back his chair, and paced the room. He stopped by the stove to pour a cup of coffee, and drank it standing up, his hand shaking.

"Kenny's coming here tonight to

settle things," Margaret told him. "You'll have to control yourself, Clyde. It's hard on him, too."

"She's only sixteen!" Clyde shouted.

"Yes, I know they're young," Margaret agreed, her strength returning. "It's the current trend. Remember, Sally Barker got married last year, and the Gantry boy at Christmas. Twenty per cent. of the youngsters at State University are married. The parents help them out. Things have changed."

"You're right about that!" Clyde said. "The kids today!"

"The kids today have more opportunity," Margaret said.

"You know what people will say."

Margaret swallowed once, her hand on her throat. "We'll tell people Janice and Kenny have known each other two years—and we decided to

To page 57

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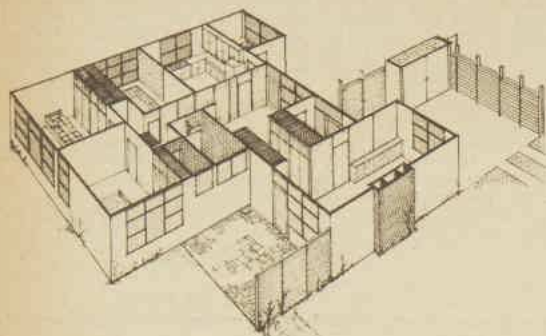
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HAIR SET SPRAY

"Hardboard in the Home" Contest

Home repairs could win £1000



● Your ideas on renovating or repairing a house, designing and making furniture, or working out a decorating scheme could win a large cash prize in our "Hardboard in the Home" contest.

THIS contest is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly with the Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

You may enter any one or all of the sections listed below. You can send as many entries as you wish, but, remember, **THE COUPON** (on this page) **MUST BE ATTACHED TO EACH ENTRY.**

For this section you must choose four of the six rooms and plan a decorating scheme for each of the four — choosing hardboard for the ceiling, walls, and any built-in furniture shown in the house plan. Use hardboard in the various textures available.

These textured hardboards can supply your color scheme or you can choose colors in paint on the plain hardboard.

Numbered walls

When you set out your entry, follow the numbers on the walls shown on the floor plan. (See details of house in August 9 issue.) When you have decided on colors and textures, make up a list, numbering each wall of each of the four rooms as shown on the floor plan, then adding the ceiling color or texture. For this section it is advisable to send a written entry or use the special entry guide.

Two special guides are available at all hardware stores that stock Masonite and from all our Home Planning Centres (addresses on page 55). One guide shows samples of Masonite colors and textures.

The other guide shows views of each room, enabling you to experiment with various colors and gain a clear picture of the completed room.

SECTION 2 — BUILT-IN AND MOVABLE FURNITURE

Cupboards, bookshelves, small tables, wardrobes, vanity tables, or screens can be made from hardboard — textured or plain.

Your entry should contain a drawing or photograph of the piece of furniture and, if possible, drawings of the separate pieces used with measurements marked and brief instructions for making. Make sure all drawings are clear.

SECTION 3—HOUSE RENOVATIONS AND REPAIRS

Perhaps you have already made alterations to your house that you could describe for

this section. A photograph or rough but clear drawing should be sent with descriptions of the repair.

SPECIAL SECTION—TOYS OR SMALL HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

Hardboard can be used for dolls' furniture, a doll's house, toy motor-cars or trains, and small items like table-mats or trays. Once again, send drawing or photograph with measurements and instructions for making.

(Do not send in the actual article.)

Entries, addressed to "Hardboard in the Home" Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, must be delivered by 5 p.m., Monday, October 2. Add the number of the section and your name and address to every page. Conditions of the contest were published in our August 9 issue.

THE PRIZES

GRAND CHAMPION

Chosen from any of Sections 1, 2, 3 — £1000

Section 1—First Prize £100
Second Prize £50

Section 2—First Prize £100
Second Prize £50

Section 3—First Prize £100
Second Prize £50

Three prizes of £5 each in Sections 1, 2, 3.

SPECIAL SECTION

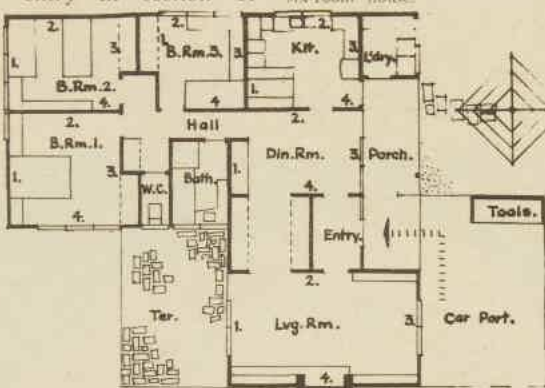
First Prize £30
Second Prize £25

Each week for four weeks a total of 20 progress prizes of £5 each in any or all of the four sections.

ROOF - OFF view (above) of the contest house. Floor plan, below, shows numbered walls, four of which must be decorated for entry in section 1.

SECTION 1 — HOUSE INTERIOR

On this page is a roof-off drawing and a floor plan of a six-room house.



COUPON HARDBOARD IN THE HOME CONTEST

"The Australian Women's Weekly,"
Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Name
Address
State
Section
Nearest Masonite Dealer (if known)

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2185

CREATE ATMOSPHERE WITH FEATURE WALLS

ONE of the most dramatic recent developments in home decoration is the use of hardboards with special texture finishes to create atmosphere and add interest to budget home-making.

Textured hardboards, available in a number of pre-finished effects, are an excellent home investment, both for the decorative "lift" they give a room and for their hard-wearing easy-to-clean practicality.

Used as a feature wall, these hardboards give character and mood to the most nondescript room.

Chosen with care, a textured feature wall can also "pull together" pieces of furniture which might otherwise look "bitty" and ill-assorted.

Four main types of surface come into the Masonite range of textured hardboards, each with its own special appeal.

They are Ridgeboard, Seadrift, Leatherboard, and Timbertone panels.

Ridgeboard, as its name suggests, has a fluted surface which paints well.

It gives pleasantly restrained decorative appeal to walls, ceilings, cupboards, and built-in units in interiors, and to eaves, linings, and general trimming on the outside of the house.

This board comes in both Standard and Tempered form.

For outside work use Tempered Ridgeboard, finished with an oil paint.

You can save yourself some work, as well as the cost of a coat of paint, by using Primecoat Ridgeboard for interior purposes.

Of the various textured hardboards, Ridgeboard is probably the one most people are inclined to overlook.

Its simplicity and modern freshness makes it well worth considering closely, particularly where a vertical or horizontal accent is required.

Leatherboard is textured hardboard with a completely different feeling.

Here the grain of Spanish leather is pressed into the



No. 4 in a special series on hardboard in the home.

by **MICK MARSHALL**
Building
Trades Adviser



Standard or Tempered Presdwood and either finished in lifelike grain-in-tone colours or left in the natural brown for painting in a single colour or with tone-on-tone effect.

Leatherboard creates a rich, warm atmosphere, and is seen at its best in dens, studies, rumpus rooms as a ceiling or feature wall; in light colours for bedrooms, and for general adornment of furniture and built-in fittings.

The pre-finished range includes some excellent colours. You can choose from tan, grey, blue, green, cream, and red.

Apart from its lively decorative value, Leatherboard offers a bonus for less experienced do-it-yourselfers, as its texture admirably conceals minor faults in fixing, and also hides irregularities in timber framing.

Newest, and to my mind, most pleasing of all feature hardboards is Masonite's Timbertone panels.

Strictly speaking, Timbertone is not a textured board in the sense the three previous hardboards are.

The beautiful impression of natural wood grain which Timbertone imparts to a room is not pressed into the board, but processed with satin smoothness on the highest-grade selected Tempered Presdwood.

In manufacture, the edges of Timbertone panels are rounded and sealed to give a perfect finish when the boards



are slipped into modern narrow metal mouldings.

The clear, satin-finish is exceptionally durable and resists dents, knocks, scratches, finger smudging, and the acids and alkalis found in

food and household preparations.

Two colours, Light Walnut and Dark Walnut, blend with all tastes in furnishings.

There is further scope for the individual home decorator in the less formal appearance of random-grooved Timbertone.

Seadrift is a textured board most suitable wherever a cool, sophisticated effect is wanted.

With Seadrift, which is Standard or Tempered Presdwood with the raised grain pattern pressed in during manufacture, you have an inexpensive way to achieve this high-fashion look.

It is particularly smart and satisfying as feature walls,



but also has exciting possibilities in furniture and do-it-yourself building.

For inside decoration, Seadrift is available prefinished in seven colours . . . Light Mahogany, Silver Birch, Dark Mahogany, Pink Cedar, Bronze Wattle, Lined Oak, and Yellow Pine . . . which fit attractively into most decorative schemes.

Where natural colour Seadrift is used you can touch-up and fill any panel-pin holes before starting to paint it.

A point to remember is that Seadrift should always be fixed vertically, not horizontally, for the grain looks unnatural going crosswise, and also will catch dust.

You'll find all these new, decorative, practical materials are a stimulating influence towards happier living.

Your local Masonite dealer can show you the full range and also provide technical leaflets which will be extremely useful when you get down to the exciting task of beautifying your home with hardboard.

Next Week:
Lustreboard, Temptile, and other water-loving members of the hardboard family.

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walnut panels
bring you the
lovely look
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wood grained walls

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Add luxury to your life . . . with lovely, low-cost Timbertone panels. Available from timber merchants and hardware stores all over Australia.



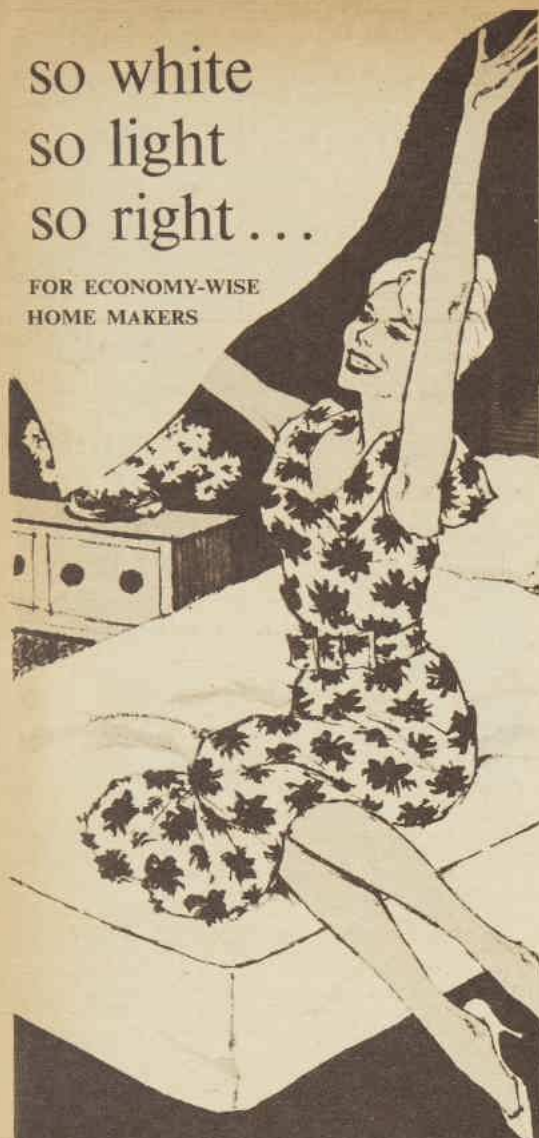
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LESSON 25: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

FROSTINGS

—types, methods, recipes

THIS week's lesson discusses the thick American-style frostings used to cover the top and sometimes the sides of cakes and the fillings used to sandwich cakes together.

Some frostings, such as Vienna cream, can also be used as filling. But a fluffy meringue-type frosting teamed with a tangy fruit filling gives the best contrast in flavor and consistency.

Hints on fillings and recipes are given at the bottom of this page.

FROSTING TYPES

The following are the types of frosting generally used:

Meringue-type: Usually cooked. Contains egg-white. Avoid over-cooking, which hardens frosting too much and makes it difficult to cut.

Cooked frosting can be swirled into pattern over top and sides of cooled cake, using spatula or knife blade. Decorations such as nuts, grated chocolate, coconut, icing-flowers, etc., must be applied before icing sets.

Rich butter frostings: Never cooked. They include Vienna cream, which can be fluffed up or swirled with end of knife or fork prongs or can be used to pipe border round edge of cake, but some practice is necessary to achieve good result.

Simple uncooked meringue-type: Used chiefly on dessert cakes, is placed in slow oven for short time to firm outside; inside remains soft.

Marshmallow frosting: Boiled sugar mixture made without egg-white and stabilised with gelatine.

FROSTING RECIPES

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

(To cover top and sides of 9in. cake)

Two egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups crystal sugar, 4 tablespoons cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, flavoring, coloring.

Place unbeaten egg-whites, sugar, water, cream of tartar in top of double boiler or in heatproof bowl over (not in) saucepan half full of simmering water. Beat continuously 12 to 14 minutes (approximately 7 minutes for each egg-white) or until mixture stands in peaks and all sugar has dissolved. Remove

CAKE FILLINGS — RECIPES AND HINTS

The quantity of filling needed depends on type of cake (sponge or butter cake), number of layers, and personal taste.

Cooked fillings can be stored in refrigerator for future use; uncooked mock creams can be kept, but must be thoroughly softened before use by allowing to come to room temperature, then creaming.

Here are recipes for the most popular types of fillings:

MOCK CREAM 1

Four ounces butter, 4oz. crystal or castor sugar, flavoring.

Cream butter and sugar together, pour on little iced water, rinse lightly and carefully pour off. Continue beating and washing until all sugar grains have disappeared and cream is white and fluffy. Flavor with any essence desired.

MOCK CREAM 2

Two tablespoons butter, 5 tablespoons crystal or castor sugar, hot milk, flavoring.

Beat butter to soft cream, gradually add sugar, beat until soft, white, and fluffy. Beat in milk 1 teaspoon at a time until sugar has dissolved. Mixture should be smooth and creamy. Flavor, beat well.

Flavorings: Vanilla or other essence; cocoa or melted chocolate; coffee essence or instant coffee; mixture of coffee and chocolate or cocoa; rum or sherry; grated orange or lemon rind; passionfruit pulp.

MOCK CREAM 3

One tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, flavoring.

from heat, add coloring and flavoring, continue beating until frosting holds its shape. Spread quickly over cake with broad-bladed knife or spatula. Swirl into peaks, rough up or spread as desired. Leave to cool and set.

Variations: Flavor with vanilla or lemon juice or mixture of both; or grated lemon or orange rind or mixture of both; or almond or peppermint essence; or chopped nuts or desiccated coconut.

For success: (1) Keep water in double boiler just at simmering point, beat frosting continuously. (2) Avoid overcooking, remove from heat immediately mixture stands in peaks. (3) Add coloring and flavoring quickly, continue beating until frosting holds its shape. (4) Apply to cake quickly.

VIENNA CREAM FROSTING

(For top 8in. or 9in. cake or filling 8in. or 9in. layer cake)

Three tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted icing-sugar, 1 to 2 dessertspoons sherry.

Cream butter until very soft, gradually beat in sifted icing-sugar. Continue beating until light and fluffy, adding sherry few drops at a time.

Variations: Sift 1 tablespoon cocoa with icing-sugar or add 1 tablespoon melted dark chocolate and little extra icing-sugar; add chopped cherries, crystallised ginger, or nuts; add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and squeeze lemon juice; omit sherry, use 2 teaspoons milk or cream and 2 teaspoons rum; sift $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon instant coffee with icing-sugar; or use $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon instant coffee with 1 tablespoon cocoa or melted chocolate.

For success: (1) In cold weather warm basin slightly, enough to soften, not melt, the butter. (2) Beat icing-sugar in gradually. (3) Use wooden spoon to cream butter and beat icing.

MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

(To cover 8in. or 9in. cake or fill 8in. or 9in. layer cake)

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily 5 minutes. Pour into large basin, cool until mixture starts to thicken. Add coloring and flavoring, beat until very thick. Pour over cake, swirl with spatula or rough up with fork. Allow to set.

For success: (1) Use large saucepan, because mixture froths during cooking. (2) Do not allow to boil until all sugar has dissolved.

Blend cornflour smoothly with little milk, add remainder of milk. Stir continuously until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Allow to become cold. Beat butter to soft cream, gradually add sugar, beat until soft, white, and fluffy. Gradually add cornflour mixture, beating until smooth and well mixed. Add flavoring.

Flavorings: Vanilla or other essence; grated lemon or orange rind; passionfruit pulp.

LEMON BUTTER FILLING

Grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks.

Stir all ingredients over low heat until melted, well mixed, and slightly thickened. Remove from heat, allow to become quite cold and thick. Best made in advance and stored in refrigerator.

QUICK LEMON FILLING

Half tin sweetened condensed milk, grated rind and juice 2 lemons, 1 egg-yolk.

Mix all ingredients well together; chill until required for use. Will keep 2 or 3 weeks in refrigerator.

ECONOMICAL LEMON FILLING

One egg, 1 cup sugar, thinly grated rind 1 medium-sized lemon, strained juice 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons butter.

Beat egg well, add sugar, lemon rind and juice. Add butter, stir over very low heat until mixture thickens. Allow to become thoroughly cold before using or bottling into screw-top jars for future use.

Variations: Reduce lemon juice by half and add 2 mashed medium-sized bananas, or pulp of 4 passionfruit, or grated rind and juice of 1 large orange.

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NEXT WEEK: How to make batters

CAKE OF THE MONTH

● A cake shaped like a key is the most popular type for a twenty-first birthday celebration, at which it is usually the main table decoration.

A PRETTY idea for a girl's birthday party is to cover the cake with fondant to match or harmonise with guest of honor's frock and to have the ribbon threaded through the cake decoration in a deeper tone of the same color. Miniature sports equipment can be used for boy's cake instead of flowers in the star decoration.

Below are directions for cutting out and decorating cakes for a girl's and a boy's twenty-first birthday.

Cutting the cake design: Three-quarters of a pound (butter weight) of fruit cake mixture is required to make the 6in. round and 8in. square cakes for the key design. After baking, leave cakes for a day or so to become firm. They can then be cut, using a light but constant sawing motion, into the shapes shown in diagram. If available, a square-sided 8in. x 5in. bread-tin could be used in place of the 8in. square cake-tin. The usual slant-sided loaf-tins are too narrow to allow for the key serrations to be cut out.



MAKE each petal by piping circles of icing on to waxed paper. Paint in centres when dry.

Almond and fondant covering: Two pounds almond paste and three pounds fondant (icing-sugar weight) will be needed to cover the joined cakes. Care must be taken when moulding round the key serrations to ensure an even, well-defined finish.

Decorations: Tidy base of key cake by piping even shell design half on to cake and half on to board, using No. 8 star rose or No. 34 shell tube. Directions for doing the clipper and ribbon insertion work on side of rounded piece and down top section were given in

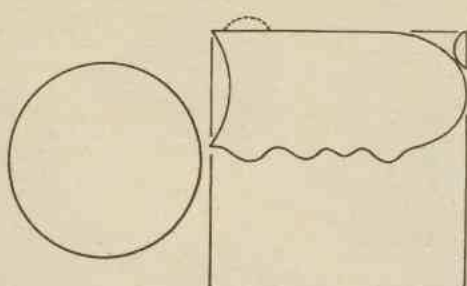
detail in our February 8 issue. The six-pointed star design is lightly pricked on to the dry fondant. Fine diagonal latticework piping fills in each point.

Small daisy-like flowers and forget-me-knots are placed in centre of star. Pale green leaves and tiny bows of the same ribbon used in insertion design help to soften this arrangement.

To make flowers: Using small No. 20 petal tube, pipe petals in circle on to waxed paper to resemble daisy flower. To obtain flat, even



STEP-BY-STEP picture shows how royal icing flowers of the flat daisy variety are made.



DIAGRAMS show how to cut shaft of key from square cake and the round cake needed to make top of key.

TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY CAKE in key design is decorated with icing star design, insertion, and ribbons.

petals it is necessary to hold bag and hand in slanting position with knuckles of hand almost touching paper. (See picture below.)

To form each petal apply pressure to bag until icing attaches to waxed paper. Then, still squeezing, move hand in up-and-backward motion to form an arc, release pressure and lift hand to finish each petal.

For a boy's birthday: Blue, green, cream, and lemon are good colors for covering fondant. Use similar basic pattern of star of lattice and clipper and ribbon work, but replace sprays of flowers with arrangements of piped grapes, stems, and leaves.

Centre of star pattern could hold collection of miniature sports equipment moulded in fondant, such as footballs with boots, flags, etc., tennis racquets and balls or cricket bat, stumps, and ball. Replace ribbon bow with a rosette and streamers in guest of honor's sports club colors.

● Enlarged photograph of the decorated cake above can be obtained from our Photo Sales Department, 193 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, for 5/-, plus postage.

Canned fruits contest

● The main prizewinners in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, which closed on August 9, will be announced next month.

OUR panel of judges are now making final selections from the thousands of recipes received. They are pleased with the high standard of the entries in the contest, which featured three canned fruits—pears, peaches, and apricots.

The cash prizes to be awarded total £2000.

RECIPE WINS £5

THIS week's prize of £5 in our regular cookery contest is won by Mrs. E. Kangur, 35 Marshall St., Ivanhoe N.21 Victoria, for a gingerbread recipe. Spoon measurements are level.

ORANGE GINGERBREAD

Ten ounces self-raising flour, 4 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. butter (melted), 2 eggs, grated rind and juice 1 large orange, 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz. golden syrup, 3oz. candied peel.

Grease oblong tin about 9in. x 7½in., line base with paper. Sift flour with salt and spices into basin, add sugar. Hollow out centre, add melted butter, eggs, orange rind and juice, milk, and golden syrup. Beat all together until smooth. Mix in chopped peel. Turn mixture into prepared tin, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes or until well risen and firm to touch. Turn out, cool on wire rack, remove paper. This cake improves with keeping in airtight tin.

including the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 for the best recipe entered in any of the three sections.

Here are the last three progress prize winners in each of the three sections:

SECTION 1: PEARS

Progress Prize of £10 to Mrs. J. Howard, Box 61, P.O., Hay, N.S.W.

PEAR AND KIDNEY SOUP

Three sheep's kidneys (soaked in salted water 15 minutes, then skinned), 1lb. gravy beef, 4 cups water, salt, pepper, 1 grated carrot, 1 grated onion, 1 grated parsnip, 1 grated turnip, 1 tin cubed pear and peach mixture, 1 tablespoon wine, 1 stick celery (chopped), 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 can pear halves, toast.

Place beef and kidney in saucepan with water, salt and pepper. Add all grated vegetables, can of pears and peaches including syrup. Add wine and celery, cook slowly 2 hours. Remove beef and kidneys from soup, chop finely, add tomato sauce and cheese. Place pear halves on greased tray, fill with meat mixture. Place in moderate oven to heat through. Serve soup first, then meat-filled pears, accompanied by toast, as second course.

SECTION 2: PEACHES

Progress Prize of £10 to Mrs. E. Scott, 22 Murphy St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

PEACH ALMOND ROYALS

Pancakes: One and one-third cups milk, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sifted flour, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Filling: Three packages cream cheese (12oz.),

PEARS, beef, and kidneys are combined in soup and a meat dish.



½ cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice.

Topping: One medium-sized can peaches (sliced), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds.

Beat eggs until light in medium-size bowl, stir in milk, salt. Measure flour and sugar into sifter. Sift into egg-milk mixture, beat until smooth. Heat heavy frying-pan, lightly grease with butter. Pour in 2 tablespoons batter for each pancake. Cook until lightly browned, turn, brown other side. Stack pancakes, cover to keep warm. Prepare filling: Place cream cheese in bowl, allow to soften at room temperature. Beat in sugar, lemon rind and juice until mixture is smooth and fluffy. Spoon about 2 tablespoons of filling across middle of each pancake, roll round filling, place fold side down in shallow baking-dish. Prepare topping: Chop peaches, combine with lemon juice in small saucepan, stir in chopped almonds. Heat filled pancakes just before serving in moderate oven 10 minutes or until piping-hot. Heat topping, spoon over tops of rolls, serve at once.

SECTION 3: APRICOTS

Progress Prize of £10 to Mrs. J. Barton, Phillip Creek Station, Tennant Creek, N.T.

FROSTED APRICOT SQUARES

Three and a half cups canned apricot halves, syrup, 6in. stick cinnamon, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, packet orange jelly, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup crushed pineapple (reserve syrup), 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup halved seedless green grapes, 3oz. cream cheese, ½ cup chopped walnuts, water.

Cut apricots in quarters. Add water to syrup to make 1½ cups, add salt, cinnamon, cloves. Cover, simmer 10 minutes. Remove from heat, let stand 10 minutes to steep, strain. Dissolve jelly and gelatine in hot mixture. Add water to pineapple syrup to make 2 cups, add to gelatine mixture with lemon juice. Chill till partially set. Stir in apricots, grapes. Pour into oiled or wetted shallow cake-tin. Chill until firm. Soften cream cheese, mix with pineapple, spread over gelatine mixture. Sprinkle with nuts. Chill into 10 or 12 squares to serve.



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A plan with a dressing-room

● In this plan the master bedroom opens into a small dressing-room, with built-in cupboards on two sides.

THIS room also has its own hand-basin and shower and has access into the toilet, which opens on the other side to the main bathroom.

The three bedrooms and dressing-room, the bathroom, and the laundry all form one wing of the house. The laundry has been placed here, as the architects feel that most of the soiled linen comes from the bedrooms. This room has direct access to the back garden.

The kitchen and living area form the other wing of this T-shaped plan.

The living-room, 17ft. by 16ft., is almost a square, and



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the house built on a sloping block with double garage underneath. Note interesting window treatment.

opens on one side to a sheltered patio. A built-in TV couch extends along one wall of this room, and it has corner windows built to match the windows in the master bedroom.

The perspective sketch above shows the house built in timber on a sloping block. There is sufficient room underneath the house for a two-car garage.

Building costs of this house, Plan No. 943, are—in brick, £5900 - £6750 over 12.7 squares, and in timber over 12 squares £5300-£6300.

OUR CENTRES

ADELAIDE: Master Builders' Assn., 47 South Terrace.

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HOBART: FitzGerald (27221).

The prices quoted here are approximate only and do not include the price of the land. For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

The plans featured each week in The Australian Women's Weekly are basic plans, and the Centres can alter any design to suit individual requirements.

All plans are available in

mirror-reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site. Generally they can be built on the side of a steep hill or on stilts.

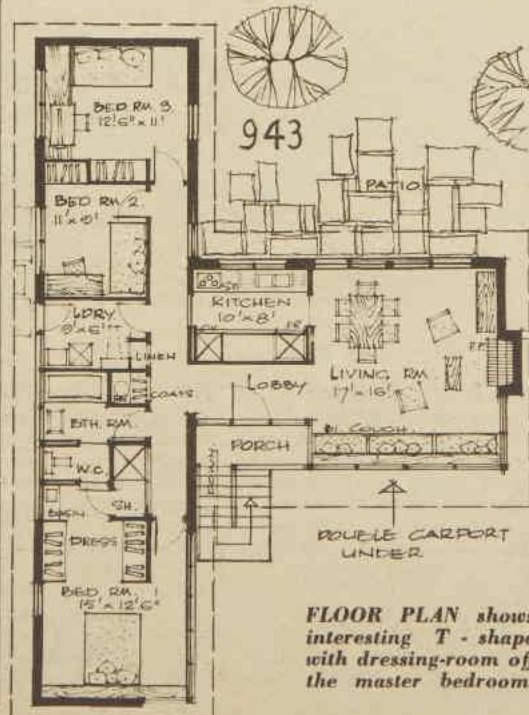
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FLOOR PLAN shows interesting T-shape with dressing-room off the master bedroom.

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New Crepe Mesh Fabric

Cotton and nylon come together in this crepe-stitch, mesh fabric. Both Dad and Mum benefit. It's absorbent. Long-wearing. Easy to wash, quick to dry. Collar and cuffs are knitted in a new rack-stitch—ensures permanent neatness. Colours: Olive Green, Burnished Gold, London Blue, Navy, Bone, All-White.

New Ban-Lon Fabric

The good looks of this pleated Ban-lon shirt invite Dad to "dress-up" . . . but casually. There's lots of comfort in the gentle form-fit of soft Ban-lon. The shirt is pre-set, in fact everything that Ban-lon has is in this shirt. Colours: Olive Green, London Blue, Navy, Burnished Gold, All White.



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"Just like Grandma"

● "You're just like Grandma," my family used to say, never once meaning it as a compliment. Grandma was one of the pioneering women of the north — and one of the great matriarchs.

SHE held her family together through years of hard work, little money, and rough living.

Why, then, was it not a compliment to be like this strong, determined woman? Surely one should be proud to own a resemblance?

This puzzled me through my youth. I dashed around organising this and that, arranging people for one thing and another, and it wasn't until I married and had a family of my own that the answer to the riddle of Grandma dawned on me.

I then vowed never to be like her. For she held her family together through the traditional thick and thin by one simple method—living her children's lives for them.

She organised their every moment, held the purse-strings, and all decisions rested with her. Her yea or nay ruled their lives.

Long after her children reached adulthood, became parents, and even grandparents themselves, the word of Grandma still had the power to reach them, from one end of the State to the other.

The long years of being held tightly in the hand of a dominating woman left their mark on each one of her offspring.

So I faced my young family with one determination—they would lead their own lives.

Oh, yes, I am like her in many ways. I have her driving energy, her inquisitiveness, her bossiness, her determination not to be beaten.

All this comes in handy when doing the work for a family of five daughters who arrived at two-year intervals.

When little girls are going through that "smart-answer-back" period, somewhere around 9 or 10, it pays to be just a little smarter, just a little stronger.

My greatest worry is the danger in forcing my energy on to the children and making them little puppets, answering my every beck and call.

To some this may not seem a problem, but they're not like Grandma, nor have they her example held up before them as constantly as I do.

course . . . seeking my adult matriculation.

I was slightly appalled at my own audacity, then, slowly, tables, rules, and theorems which I'd long since forgotten began to stir, and I was soon swamped by an overwhelming desire to study . . . English, maths, and French.

How did I find the time,

By MRS. P. BALLINGER, Ashgrove, Qld.

I tackled my inquisitiveness first. Part of me wants to know everything . . . "Where have you been?" "Who did you see?" "What did they say?" and "What did you have to eat?"

Finding myself asking too many questions one day I stopped midstream, went to the telephone, and rang the Department of Education.

In a matter of days I was launched on a correspondence

with a young family, to study? Settling the babies to sleep during the day, I'd perch beside them on the bed with a textbook in my hands.

Then at night, as soon as the children were asleep and my husband comfortable with a book, I'd work . . . sums, problems, formulae . . . enjoying every minute of it.

The maths I loved most of all. Housework is such "unfinished" sort of stuff. You

● The writer knew she was too much of a battleaxe and stickybeak—just like Grandma. So, rather than let her family suffer, she set about correcting the fault. She will receive £20 for her article, written after we asked how readers solved family problems.

can never say you're completely finished.

But with a mathematical problem you can work through to an ultimate conclusion and write "answer" at the bottom.

And how did this affect my family? They blossomed under it. I stopped nagging them to do this and that.

With my mental energy, inherited from Grandma, now harmlessly taken care of, I found new delights in romping with the children.

I could run with them, play games and joke with them, free from the restless feeling that this was all a waste of time.

I found myself more content to allow my husband to sit back at night with a book and not so keen on dragging out the details of his busy day, just to provide news for me.

And another thing: I found I could add up the cost of the greengroceries from my side of the counter as quickly as the dealer could from his.

Studying French by correspondence is not nearly as satisfying. The French classes were timed for early evening

and quite impossible for a housewife to attend.

My fifth baby was born just three weeks before the French examination. Squeezing the exam between breast-feeds, I sat . . . and failed!

It was here I called on the Grandma in me to come to the rescue. I applied for a post and propped up the French dictionary when feeding the baby.

Happy ending

Like all good stories, it ended happily . . . I passed, thus earning my matriculation.

I floated sky-high for days, weeks, and months, and was kind and generous to everyone.

What happens after adult matriculation? University courses are far too expensive for mothers of young children.

So now, with my baby two and a half years old, I've turned elsewhere. To writing.

I am like Grandma, but I hope I've learnt from her mistakes.

When the time comes for my family to stand on their own feet I hope I'll be too involved in an absorbing hobby to be lonely.

Continuing . . . THE WHITE DRESS

from page 49

"Kenny, it wasn't my idea to make you come here," Janice said quickly in the silence. "Honest, it wasn't."

"Nobody made me," Kenny answered coldly. "Nobody made him," Margaret echoed, and they all tried to smile.

The boy offered cigarettes without standing up, and boldly lit his own when they were refused. His face was white, his lips pressed into a purple line.

Clyde walked over to the fireplace. "Well, Kenny," he said at last. "I understand you youngsters want to get married. Is that the idea?"

"I guess that's it," Kenny answered warily. "I guess that's one way to put it."

"We hoped it wouldn't be quite so soon," Clyde said. "I'm sure your family did, too. But that's the ticket. Now, what are your plans?"

"Plans?" Kenny asked, his eyes blinking. "We don't have any plans. How can we make plans? I've got three more years of college, and extra credit to make up in my sophomore year. Maybe Janice can live at home a while, sir."

"Oh, no no!" Janice cried, sitting straight. "I can work, Kenny, three or four months—I can get a job—"

"At what?"

"Your mother and I—"

Clyde began.

"We ought to take it easy," the boy said tensely. "Janice ought to graduate, at least. We ought to wait till the end of the term. What's the rush?"

"I think the sooner the better," Margaret insisted gently.

"Oh! Like when?"

"Like next Saturday?" Margaret asked clearly.

The boy shifted suddenly in his chair, bracing his shoulders.

"You're the boss," he answered in a voice so truculent that all three turned their eyes upon him in astonishment. "I'm the goat."

"You?" Clyde gasped.

But Kenny was no longer frightened. His armor glistened. His mouth had turned sullen.

FROM THE BIBLE

—Two versions

● "We love Him, because He first loved us."

—1 John 4:19. (Authorised version)

● "We love because He loved us first."

—1 John 4:19. (New English Bible)

to Janice!" Clyde retorted, his voice rising.

"Now, Clyde—"

"Daddy, please—"

"I said I'd go through with it!" Kenny said fiercely. "Sir!"

"You just bet your life you will!" Clyde stood up, trembling. "By law, if necessary!"

Kenny stood up, too, and threw his cigarette in the fireplace.

"Just let me know the time and I'll be there," he said coolly, and he crossed the room with a walk which was very close to a swagger.

Janice kept her eyes downcast, as though she knew that Kenny would stroll by without recognition. He stopped in the hall, however, and said without turning:

"I'll see you, Janice."

"O.K., Kenny," the girl whispered. "I'm sorry, Kenny." And all at once she streaked from the room, raced up the stairs and slammed her door, and they all heard the thump of her bedsprings as she threw herself down.

I could kill him! Margaret thought suddenly, her chest aching. I really mean it. I could kill him!

She sat impaled with fury: this boy who had shared their meals and their summer cottage, this boy to whom they had trusted their daughter! What fools they had been! To be swayed by his moments of charm and gallantry, to overlook his selfishness and surliness as part of youth! To let Janice grow dependent on him, and not to call a halt!

Doctor Hagen was right. We should have said no. Margaret painfully admitted. We should have said, "Stay shy, if you must; you'll outgrow it. If steady dating's the system, it's not for us. We're different."

"I think I could use a drink," Clyde said when Kenny's car had gone. "Can I fix you something?"

"No, I'll go along upstairs," Margaret told him.

When Clyde came into the bedroom, glass in hand, he found Margaret seated on her dressing-table bench, her back to the mirror. She wore her old bathrobe, and her hands were gripped together in her lap.

"Clyde, we just can't allow it," she said calmly.

"Can't allow—"

"The marriage." Margaret stated. "We have to forbid it."

Clyde set his glass on the window sill and started unknitting his tie. "You don't really mean that, Marg. What else can we do? Maybe Kenny isn't as bad as he seemed to-night. He was trapped. Maybe he'll be all right."

"No, we've made excuses too long. It isn't only his fault; he doesn't love her," Margaret declared. "We can't let them marry."

"Marg, I'm tired. Please—you're not talking sense."

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, I am!" his wife answered steadily. "We can't allow it. Janice isn't ready for marriage. With anyone. She isn't ready to be a mother, either, by several years. We'll have to see her through this as decently as we can, and see that the baby finds a loving home. Clyde, think of the child! The right home isn't with two half-developed adolescents, married in bitterness, hating each other because of it."

She held out her hand towards her husband, seeking his eyes, imploring his consent. "Darling, we know what love is. They never heard of it."

Clyde walked across the room and back. "What can we do?" he said.

"We can get help," Margaret said slowly. "I—I'm sure we can. My sister Bess is alone in Chicago; maybe she'll take Janice in. Or maybe she can find her a place, a kind of home. We'll tell people Janice has gone away to school; we'll tell the twins. And I'll go west at Christmas when it's time."

Her voice wavered. "Clyde, tell me I'm right! She's a minor and we have to sign the papers, and I'll never sign! It means the rest of her life!"

Clyde finished his drink, staring out the window into the blackness, and then he turned and called sharply, "Janice, come in here! Now."

There was a stir in the next bedroom, a patter of feet, and Janice stood in the doorway, a very slim young girl wearing a flower-sprigged muslin nightgown.

"Come sit down," Margaret offered, moving so that there was room on the bench beside her. "Janice, you know how much we love you. Do you know what you've done? You've changed the rest of our lives."

"I've told you I'll marry him," Janice chattered, her shoulders hunching, "no matter what."

"Listen to your mother," Clyde commanded. "She thinks you don't want to marry this boy. Hear what she says."

"Is Kenny Hall the man you want to live with, always?" Margaret asked softly. "To cherish, comfort, love all the

rest of your days? Marriage is for ever, Janice. Is Kenny the one?"

Janice clutched at the yoke of her gown, and her eyes squeezed shut. "Oh, Mummy, Mummy!" she moaned, using the name she had long ago forgotten. "Mummy, I'm scared!" And she fell sideways against her mother's shoulder, retching.

"You don't have to, baby," Clyde told her.

"No, you're not going to."

Janice straightened and stared at her mother, and then at her father, her eyes bewildered.

"But, mother—daddy—if I don't . . . what people will think, what people will say . . . will kill you."

"No, not quite," Margaret promised, drawing in her breath. "We're thinking of you. We're thinking of later, Janice, of marriage, and love and the home you'll have—some day. If we see this through."

"How can I?" Janice whispered. "I can't alone."

"You're not alone," Margaret said, and she reached out her arm and drew the old bathrobe around the child's bare shoulders, and held her close. Her eyes met Clyde's across the room with a nod and a very small smile.

But that night, as Margaret lay in bed with her husband asleep beside her, her arms and legs prickled cold with terror at what they had done.

This is a terrible road we're taking, she realised. A terrible road. Everybody will say I'm wrong—the doctor, the church. But I know what's right for Janice. And this time we'll fight for the same thing, we're back together.

Janice would wear her graduation dress after all. The billowing whiteness, the sheer virginal organdie, all the stitches sewed with hope and love. And it was just as well.

For even though Janice would some day marry—freely, from choice, for love—she must understand, with many another fact of humiliation, that it was not very likely she'd ever wear white again.

(Copyright)

"Charles is just upstairs helping his wife. She was taken ill again."

"Really? Something's constitutionally wrong with that woman. It might not be a bad idea if I had a look at her. There you are, Grimsdyke. You'll stay for tea?"

"Tea!" Lady Spratt started to get cross. "How you have the nerve to talk about tea when we are all of us in a state of utter emotional exhaustion!"

"You really must try to keep calm, my dear. Once I get this beastly wet overcoat off I shall give you the full story. Meanwhile, I see no reason whatever why I should forgo my usual tea."

And a pretty dramatic story it was, too.

When Sir Lancelot had arrived at the police station, where he was lucky to find he'd once repaired the

Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 27

sergeant's hernia, the little man was incapable of anything except loud sobs.

"Aware that vital evidence was rapidly disappearing in the gastric juices of lions," Sir Lancelot explained, as the pretty little Italian maid wheeled in the tea-trolley, "I immediately directed the police to telephone McFiggie. McFiggie naturally grasped the point at once, and agreed that the animals should have an emetic, which has already been administered. Once the stomach contents are under his microscope he will be able to tell if there is any trace of human flesh remaining undigested. Elementary, my dear Grimsdyke."

He then settled down to his usual

Sunday spread of hot buttered crumpets and dundee cake.

Fact is, I fancied Lady Spratt now felt as proud of the old boy as I did myself. For all that chasing round the penguins, the quick-wittedness which had pulled off so many tricky surgical diagnoses in the wards of St. Swithin's had copped the perpetrator of a particularly crafty and messy murder.

It just proved again how Sir Lancelot made a resounding success of anything he happened to take an interest in, from surgery to snipe-

shooting and collecting rare diseases to collecting rare china.

"Lancelot, how provident to see you safe and sound." The Bishop appeared in the doorway, looking flustered. "I fear that my wife—"

"My dear feller, take a seat. I have a most interesting story to tell."

"My poor wife . . . not very well."

"Indeed? I'm extremely sorry to hear it."

"Thank you, thank you. The London air . . . I don't think it quite suits her. It would perhaps be for the best if we all shortly returned home again."

"Very wise of you," agreed Sir Lancelot, swallowing half a crumpet.

"As for my adventures today, you can read all about them in the morning papers."

"Papers!" The Bishop went pale. "If you wouldn't mind . . . no abuse of your kind hospitality . . . we shall be on our way quite early tomorrow."

"I'll give instructions for Maria to call you at six," Sir Lancelot glanced through the window. "Ah, the police again. My former patient, Sergeant Griffin, I see."

The Bishop stared at the black valet outside.

"Perhaps, Lancelot, if it wouldn't seem impolite, we better leave tonight. The traffic on the roads tomorrow, you understand—"

"Then I shall give Maria instructions to help you with the packing straight away. Come in, Sergeant, come in." The Bishop bumped into the policeman in his hurry to be out of sight. "Cup of tea? Cigarette?"

"No, thank you, Sir Lancelot. Good afternoon, madam. Good afternoon, sir," the sergeant added to me. He put his helmet on a handy occasional table. "Well, Sir Lancelot," he began, "you've done a fine job of work for us, and so mistake."

"I am always delighted to be of assistance to the police," declared the surgeon, munching a slice of cake.

"We've been after that chap for quite a time."

"Good heavens! You mean he's committed a number of murders?"

THE sergeant smiled. "Very jolly of you to put it like that, sir. I suppose he did murder the poor things."

"No two ways about it, I should think," remarked Lady Spratt sharply.

"We've got the report from Dr. McFiggie, and the C.I.D. have searched the fellow's premises up at Crouch End. Quite a bit of evidence they found there. He'd have made a good many visits to the Zoo before he finished the job. Could have cost him a small fortune in admission fees in the end."

"You couldn't possibly get a whole body in an attache case," Sir Lancelot agreed.

"There were a good many bodies. His refrigerator was packed with them."

"Ugh!" cried Lady Spratt. "I must admit a shiver went up and down my own spine."

"How dastardly!" exclaimed Sir Lancelot.

"I agree, sir. I fancy the R.S.P.C.A. will have charges to bring as well."

Sir Lancelot stared. "The R.S.P.C. what?"

"The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Yes, yes! I know! I know—"

"Some of them poor things must have been killed very carelessly."

Sir Lancelot rose.

"One moment, Sergeant. You will kindly explain yourself?"

The policeman looked surprised.

"Doesn't seem much to explain, sir. I've got Dr. McFiggie's phone message here." He pulled a scrap of paper from his tunic pocket. "It says: 'Microscopical examination of stomach contents from lions A, B, and C shows large masses of undigested muscular tissue, probably originating from cat or dog.'"

The fellow you caught runs a small pork-pie business," he explained. "We've suspected for months he was putting bits of stray dogs and cats in his stuff, and once he got wind we were on his trail he tried to get rid of the evidence. Oh, well—crime doesn't pay in the end, sir, does it?"

There was a silence.

"No," said Sir Lancelot shortly. "It doesn't."

"Sergeant, are you sure you won't have a cup of tea?" asked Lady Spratt.

A few minutes later I was alone with Sir Lancelot in his study.

"Grimsdyke—"

"Sir?"

"Grimsdyke, you will not utter a word of the true story of this afternoon."

"Wouldn't dream of it, sir."

"I think I can silence that legalised Burke and Hare, McFiggie. I never did like the feller much, anyway. I shall have to resign from the Police Welfare Club, of course. But that was an intolerable waste of time. For the rest, I must rely on your discretion, or I shall be unable to take luncheon in the hospital refectory again if there happens to be pork-pie on the menu."

"Believe me, sir, I'd do anything for you," I told him stoutly.

"Thank you, Grimsdyke. You are a

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damned chatterbox, but this time I believe you. And — and I sincerely appreciate it," he added quickly. Sir Lancelot paused. "If there is anything I might do in return —"

"Do you think you could give me an introduction to your brother, sir?" I asked at once. "The sailor chap? I was thinking of taking a little paid holiday while getting on with your memoirs." "Ship's doctor, you mean? Assuredly I shall give you a reference." He sat at the desk. "Just tell me what to write. From long experience on appointment boards I know that no testimonial is the slightest use unless written by the applicant."

"That's jolly decent of you, sir." "I am more than happy to be of assistance." Sir Lancelot took the cap off his fountain pen. He paused and gave a smile. "And there's one thing, my boy. At least I managed to get rid of the blasted Bishop."

"Enter!" "It was the next morning, and that voice was chillingly familiar. "Yes?" "Er—Dr. Grimsdyke, sir. They just sent in a letter about me." "Sir." Captain George Spratt, wearing a plain blue serge suit in an office filled

MOVING

*I'll never change address again.
I've had this moving game.
For days and nights I've
searched for things,
And muttered, "What became
...?"*

*And now at last I've settled in.
With nothing more to find,
I realise what I've gone and
done.*

*I've left my heart behind.
—Marie L. Morley.*

with rather pleasant models of ships, took a silver box from his pocket and whisked a pile of black snuff into each nostril.

"So you want a voyage, eh?" "That was the general idea, sir."

He sat glaring at me for half a minute. I'd always felt that Sir Lancelot himself wouldn't have looked out of place pacing the poop of the Bounty, but his brother George resembled Blackbeard the Pirate after a heavy night on the rum trying to decide whether to flay the captives alive or have them boiled slowly in oil.

"Very convenient for you medical gentlemen, isn't it?" he began, as though hailing something through fog.

"Walking about with a built-in steamship ticket? Eh? Though my brother seems to write very highly of you." The captain paused. "I don't suppose he mentions me much, does he?"

As a matter of fact, Sir Lancelot did keep pretty quiet about his brother George, but I tried to indicate in a few words that he was always being held up as embodying the best nautical qualities of Sir Francis Drake and Grace Darling.

"Doctors are members of our crews and expected to conduct themselves as such. If you want to drink yourself to death, you can do that with less trouble to everybody ashore. As for women, the only time you hold a lady's hand at sea is to give up your place in the lifeboat as the ship goes down. Get that straight to start with."

"Yes, sir."

I must say I was glad that Captain Spratt was as landlocked as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., the Ruler of the Queen's Navy. Even for dear Ophelia I wouldn't be shut up with a chap like him for six weeks in a floating steel strongbox.

"Though heaven knows why anyone at all wants to go to sea today." The Captain treated his nose to another meal of snuff. "You look a man of the world, doctor," he conceded. "Know anything about advertising agencies?"

"Advertising agencies, sir?"

"Your best friend wouldn't tell you, and all that rubbish. Anyone would imagine the entire human race stank like a herd of goats. We've got some lag from one of them sailing this trip, to be photographed in her bathing-suit all over the deck. I'm only warning you."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 30, 1961

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"Thank you, sir." "The company's gone raving mad about advertising." He banged the desk so hard all the ships quivered. "Even had a snapshot taken of me! By some ghastly wallahs in pink trousers!"

"I—I hope it came out nicely, sir." "When I first took command, passengers came aboard to travel, not to participate in some sort of floating Babylonian orgy. Hell's teeth! In those days you could maintain order and discipline aboard—silence in the afternoons and everyone up for breakfast, and so on. If passengers wanted amusement, there was always bingo on Saturday nights. You are fond of bingo, Doctor?"

"I don't think I've played, sir." "Anyway, they've changed bingo to Thursdays. On Saturdays my unfortunate captains are obliged to put on paper hats and dance the rumba with a bunch of old ladies who'd be far better tucked up with a hot-water bottle in Bournemouth. Nobody at sea knows where they are any more. At this rate we'll be moving Divine Service to Wednesday afternoons. When can you join?"

"Join? You mean it's — it's all fixed? Absolutely any time you like, sir."

Razzy had shown up with his

sprained ankles and sun-blisters, the husband had gone back to the Himalayas and taken the actress with him, so I was professionally on the loose again.

"Report on board eight o'clock Friday morning to check medical stores," ordered Captain Spratt briefly. "You will now step next door to be introduced to Captain Makepeace, who is in command of your vessel." He held out his hand. "It only remains for me to wish you a pleasant voyage, Doctor. We shall meet again on your return to port."

I was pretty relieved to discover Captain Makepeace, a little thin chap with a bowler and umbrella beside

him, sitting at a desk signing some papers.

"You may have found Captain Spratt somewhat direct in his manner," he began mildly as we were left alone.

"Bluff old seadog, and all that," I remarked.

"Pray do not be discomfited by him, Doctor. I was his chief officer for some years, and I fear I let it undermine my health." Captain Makepeace laid a hand on his right hip pocket. "The kidneys, you know, I still suffer from the twinges. Perhaps you could suggest something—"

"Delighted to give you a thorough going-over once I'm aboard," I said quickly, it being clearly important to keep in with the chap.

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"Thank you, Doctor. I should be most obliged. It is indeed a great relief to have an enthusiastic young medical man like yourself with us. A great relief, Dr. O'Rory, I fear, has been behaving very oddly of late. Of course, he has been at sea for many years."

I nodded. It is well known in the profession that prolonged service afloat induces certain irreversible psychological changes.

"He became very interested in the Great Pyramid — all the measurements, you understand. Unless he consulted them he was unable to decide anything at all, from the day to get his hair cut to the prescription for some unfortunate person appearing in his surgery."

Captain Makepeace gave a faint smile.

"Of course, I am not so strict at sea as Captain Spratt would suggest. We live in modern times, Doctor. Indeed, I rather encourage my officers to drink with the passengers."

"Excellent social move, sir."

"And to pay some little attentions to the unaccompanied young ladies."

I nodded. "The poor things might get frightfully lonely otherwise."

"We must make our own fun at sea, you know. Do you like bingo, Doctor? If you wish, you can call out the numbers. Dr. O'Rory did, and very witty he was, too, until recently he started getting a bit near the knuckle for the ladies." We shook hands. "I am sure, Doctor, our next voyage will be a particularly happy one."

"I'm absolutely positive," I agreed warmly.

Thus I appeared up the gangway of the Capricorn Queen before breakfast the following Friday morning, dressed up in as much gold braid as the chap who hails the taxis outside Fortnum's.

The Capricorn Queen was a great white thing like a wedding cake with portholes, though as she was tied to Tilbury Docks I'd nothing much to do for the weekend, except

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sit on the sofa that ran down one side of my cabin like the seat in a second-class railway compartment, smoking duty-free cigarettes and reading "Lord Hornblower."

I hadn't said a word to Ophelia about my being aboard, because I thought it would come as a nice surprise. Besides, she might have decided to stay at home once she realised we were leaving old Basil on the beach at Blackport. I was, of course, being a simply frightful cad, nipping up the gangway behind the poor chap's back. But the thought of all that tropical moonlight in store not only shoved the thought into my subconscious but fairly made me want to go skipping round the deck.

I spent a pretty impatient few days until they put a match to the boilers, and with a good deal of confusion we edged round to Tilbury landing stage, where passengers are let on by those chaps who handle passports as though they were Christmas cards from the Isolation Hospital.

YOU can imagine I was pretty well jumping with excitement, particularly when I fancied I spotted Ophelia's legs disappearing up a companion-way. I'd asked the chief steward to put a whacking great bunch of roses in her cabin with a little note simply inviting her to cocktails at six with the ship's doctor, and I could hardly wait to see her face as she opened my cabin door and saw me waiting to mix her first martini.

In no time we were on our way to South America. I changed into a clean white collar and polished up my brass buttons. Six o'clock arrived. I sat on the edge of the sofa and wondered exactly what Ophelia would say.

As it happened, she jolly near fainted.

"Gaston!" She gave a shriek. "What in heaven's name are you doing here?"

I bowed and kissed her hand.

"Your humble shipmate."

"But you aren't a sailor!"

"Yes, I am," I corrected her.

"At the moment, just as much as Nelson or old Father Noah himself. I'm the official ship's doctor."

She stared at me.

"But — but for pity's sake why?"

"Ophelia, my sweet," I explained simply, "for you."

"For me? What on earth do you mean for me? How can you possibly —"

I kissed her hand again.

"For you," I repeated, "have I adopted the rough and uncertain calling of a seafarer?"

"You must be crazy!"

"No, no, Ophelia!" I started edging her towards the sofa. "It's not crazy at all. Just think, for three blissful weeks you and I will be absolutely alone — apart from the other passengers, of course."

I had another go at her hand.

"By then, my dear old girl,"

I went on, warming a bit, "in the intimacy of shipboard life you will have grown to know me better. You may perhaps have grown to know me well

enough to understand the terrible yearning —"

"Where are the cigarettes, darling?" asked Ophelia, recovering herself.

"Oh, sorry. Over here."

She sat down on the sofa.

"I wish you'd sent me a postcard or something first, darling."

"But I wanted it to be a nice surprise."

"It was certainly all of that," she agreed.

I offered the duty-free cigarette tin.

"I hope you liked the flowers I sent to your cabin?"

"Which ones were they, darling? The ship's like a floating Kew Gardens."

"Ophelia —" I flicked my lighter.

"Yes, darling?"

"Ophelia, I . . . I hope you don't mind my coming along for the ride?"

"I don't mind what you do, Gaston. If you want to go about dressed like a bus conductor, that's your affair."

That was a bit irking. I'd hoped to cut a modest dash, what with all those brass buttons.

"But Ophelia!" I protested.

"You yourself said what terrific fun it would be if only I could make the trip."

"Did I, darling?"

"Of course you did. With the early-morning dips and the ping pong and the shuffleboard. Surely you remember?"

"A pretty palatial cabin you've got here I must say," observed Ophelia, blowing out a cloud of smoke.

"Not bad, is it? Nice and handy for the first-class swimming-pool and the Veranda Bar."

"The stinking little slot they've given me down below isn't big enough to swing the ship's cat in."

I patted her hand. "I'll get it changed," I told her. "Pretty important chap on board, the ship's doctor, you know. In fact, anything you should happen to want during the voyage —"

I edged a bit up the sofa. "Anything at all, you've only got to ask old Uncle Grimsdyke, who is ever at your devoted —"

"What's the other door with the red cross on it?"

"That? That's the hospital."

"What an extraordinary thing to have on a ship! May I see?"

"Of course," I replied politely, though preferring to continue the conversation on the sofa. "All very neatly arranged, don't you think?" I added, opening the door.

"What's that heap of old iron doing in the corner?"

"That's the fully collapsible operating table."

"How gruesome!"

"Oh yes, you can have your stomach out on board if you want to," I explained. "The Company spares no expense over the passengers' amenities."

Ophelia gave a shiver.

"I was invited here for a drink, wasn't I?"

"I say, I'm frightfully sorry. All the stewards are at sixes and sevens stowing away the passengers, and my chap hasn't shown up yet. I'll give the fellow a buzz."

"What on earth are these?"

"They're obstetrical forceps."

"What awful things you have round you! I'd no idea you were that sort of doctor at all."

Ophelia then got interested in the amputation set, so I left her fiddling with the muscle scalpel and rang the bell in my cabin.

"Ah, Steward," I said, rearranging the cushions to make the sofa nice and comfy for her. "I'd like you to put out the gin from my spirit locker, and just nip across to the Ver-

anda Bar and collect a pitcher of ice with half-a-dozen tonics and — Good heavens! I cried.

"You!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Basil Beauchamp. "You!"

I slammed the hospital door.

Basil and I stood staring at each other like a couple of lobsters caught in the same pot.

"What the devil are you doing here?" I demanded. "Dressed up like that?"

"Exactly the same, dear chappie," he replied very affably, "might I ask you?"

"But I'm the ship's doctor!"

"And I'm the ship's steward. Or at least, one of them."

There's a good dozen sharing my cabin down below for a start. Still, that's nothing after provincial dressing-rooms. But my dear Grim! What a delightful surprise to meet you.

And what an amazing coincidence. How's the cut of my

white jacket? I picked it up yesterday from the theatrical costumiers."

I grabbed the hospital door handle.

"I — I've got a difficult patient in here," I said quickly.

"Hysterical female, you know."

"How terribly exciting for you."

"Just give me a moment to get rid of her."

"But of course."

"And we'll settle down to a nice cosy chat."

I slipped inside the hospital.

"Darling," said Ophelia, "you don't use these saw things on people, surely?"

I seized her arm. "Terribly sorry, old girl. An awkward patient's just turned up in my cabin —"

"Well, I must say! I was asked here for a quiet drink —"

"The doctor's life, you understand."

I gave a little laugh. "Professional duties first, never know what's going to turn up next, and all that."

No, no! Not that door."

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YR71

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 30, 1961

Ophelia looked quite startled.
"My patient's frightfully infective. Never do to mix with him. Probably smallpox. The other door here leads straight on deck. Know your way back to your cabin? Mind the step. Bye-bye."

Ophelia disappeared, rather mystified. I staggered back through the hospital. Reaching my own cabin, I found Basil with his feet up on my sofa, pouring himself a glass of my gin.

"But this is perfectly astounding, dear chappie!" He helped himself to one of my cigarettes. "How on earth did you come to be aboard?"

"I wanted a holiday. Run down, you know. Overwork. The sea air should do me a world of good."

"Yes, you do look a bit hot and flushed," Basil sniffed. "That's very odd."

"What's very odd?" I asked shortly.

"It's like the perfume my fiancée uses."

"It's the antiseptic. But what about you?" I demanded, coming to the point. "Surely at this very moment you should be amusing the little kiddies up at Blackport?"

"So I should, dear chappie, so I should. But the good burghers of Blackport, given ample opportunity and invitation to witness our little entertainment, refused to avail themselves of the chance. When the cast started outnumbering the audience the management felt they had inflicted sufficient suffering on both sides of the footlights and put up the notice."

"What a damned nuisance! I mean, what a damn shame."

"On the contrary, it was absolutely a blessing in disguise. Blackport was a ghastly place, anyway, all tripe and trams." Basil unhooked the collar of his jacket. "But do I hear you ask," he continued amiably, "why I should exchange the freedom of a West End actor — indeed, the freedom of an unemployed West End actor — for the cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd existence of a mere ship's steward?"

I SNATCHED the gin from Basil's elbow and poured myself a glass.

"It was a woman, dear chappie," he explained simply. "I don't expect you'll remember, after that lovely medical exam you gave me before Christmas, I introduced you to my fiancée? A charming girl called Ophelia. Well, she is at the moment on board this very ship. What on earth's that rattling noise?"

"Just — just the glass against my teeth. Bit nervy these days, you know."

"I say, you are in a state," Basil took the bottle and helped himself to another drink. "Furthermore, Ophelia hasn't the first idea in her sweet little head that I share with her this fatal and perfidious bark."

"But the dear girl has such a gentle nature she would have stayed at home rather than let me sweat it out in the beastly lower regions. Remind me to tell you some time, by the way, of an establishment down below known as the Glory Hole."

"I said nothing. I just stood feeling furious with the chap, popping up unexpectedly all over the place, like his blasted Demon King."

"In fact, Ophelia and I are both working our passage. She's doing a modelling job for the shipping adverts." Basil arranged the cushions more comfortably under his head.

"Meanwhile, this steward lark isn't too galling, apart from the hours they make you get up in the morning. One is fed and paid, which is quite a consideration. Naturally, there are snags — someone in the Glory Hole has an electric guitar, and there's Shuttleworth, the chief steward. Do you know him? He'd have made an excellent beak at Dotheboys' Hall."

I nodded. I had already lavished my professional attention on Mr. Shuttleworth's feet, and found him a jovial little bird emitting a friendly aura of beer and onions. I supposed it showed how people can vary with your viewpoint.

"The little wart made me scrub acres of dirty deck this morning, simply because I'd asked for Ophelia's cabin number." Basil gave a laugh. "Odd how our social positions have changed, Grim. I was just going to suggest that you and I and Ophelia all whooped up a few cocktails in the Veranda Bar to celebrate the reunion."

"Though I must say, dear chappie," he went on warmly, "I'm delighted Shuttleworth appointed me as your personal steward. Now I'll be able to use your cabin whenever I want, and you

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can't imagine how convenient it is knowing you're certain of finding a drink and a smoke. It'll be particularly useful in the afternoons, when I like to run through a few parts."

I reached for the gin bottle again.

"A little later on," Basil gave a wink — "I'm sure you won't mind taking a stroll on deck while I entertain Ophelia. That sort of thing would be completely impossible in the Glory Hole, of course. Good grief, is that the time?"

He swung his legs to the deck. "I must toil up to the bridge with the radio officer's sandwiches. That exploiter of the workers, Shuttleworth, lands me with all the dirty jobs. But, believe me, I could put up with twice as much to be near my little Ophelia."

By the way, Grim," he added, "what ever happened about the test?"

"Oh, that? Normal. Perfectly normal."

"That's a relief. For some reason, Ophelia never let me know. Terribly decent of you to invite me to make free with your cabin." Basil put an arm round my shoulders. "But, as I always said in those happy days in the dear old digs, Grimsdyke, above all, is a gentleman."

He left. For a minute I stood staring at the sofa. Then I pulled open the door and made straight for Mr. Shuttleworth's office on the main square.

"Ullo, Doc." The chief steward looked surprised over his pile of ship's papers. "Something up? You seem proper flustered, and no mistake."

"Something rather troublesome has happened, Chief," I muttered. "That steward you've given me —"

"Beauchamp? New this voyage. What's the perisher up to?"

"If you don't mind I'd rather not go into details. Least said, and all that. But — well, the chap isn't at all satisfactory."

"I might have known," Mr. Shuttleworth tipped back his chair. "You wouldn't believe it, the rubbish they send us from the Labor Exchange these days. But don't you worry, Doc. I'll shift him to the library."

"I don't think he should be allowed in contact with the passengers at all," I added quickly. "A bit familiar in his manner, you understand."

"And so I noticed. I know his type, believe me. Right, we'll soon settle Mr. Beauchamp's hash. I'll put him waiter in the firemen's mess."

"I'm sure that will be very much better for everybody," I said, with a gasp of relief.

"Don't bother yourself, Doc, you won't have to look at his ugly mug again till we gets home to London. I only wish I could say the same."

"I think that's an excellent idea, Chief. And how are the feet?"

"Much easier, thank you. Very interesting to the medical profession, I believe, my feet?"

"Absolutely fascinating."

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HE likes coffee SHE likes tea



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He chuckled. "Fair baffled Dr. O'Rey, I did, every time I took my boots off."

"Whenever you feel you want a chat about them," I assured him, "just bring them along to my cabin."

"Thank you, Doc, and so I will." He picked up a scrap of paper. "By the way, the Captain sent a note for you to go to the bridge when you'd finished your surgery. Nothing urgent, but he thinks he's developing a nasty cold."

"I'll slip up at once. Thank you, Chief, for being so cooperative."

I suddenly realised how jolly useful it had been to cast the Chief Steward's feet like bread upon the waters. Though I'd been a ghastly cad, of course, banishing old Basil somewhere among the boilers with all the firemen chucking their dinner at him. In fact, my behaviour would have made any self-respecting snake in the grass crawl rapidly away in the opposite direction. But apart from anything else, I'd have had

a pretty miserable trip sharing my cabin with Richard the Third all the way to Rio de Janeiro and back.

Thinking over the rush of events in the past few hours, I gave myself a little pat on the back. I had at least fixed a nice unruffled holiday, buying Ophelia long drinks in the sunshine and having a really serious bash at the tropical moonlight, and that wasn't to mention the bingo.

I climbed all those stairs feeling that I'd now an excellent chance to get myself well in with Captain Makepeace, and one never knew when such things were useful. The bridge itself seemed full of chaps in mufflers staring in all directions and drinking mugs of cocoa, and turning to a sailor polishing the fire alarm I asked for the Captain.

A figure by the wheel lowered his binoculars.

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"Doctor! You've been a devil of a long time."

I stared at him.

"But you're not the Captain!"

"I am not the galley boy, if that's what you're inferring. And don't lean on that telegraph, unless you want to put the starboard engine full astern."

"I — I'm frightfully sorry, sir."

sickness, come even old Basil, it was all jolly well worth it. "Darling, where on earth have you been to?" she greeted me.

"I've been seasick. Haven't you?"

"But of course not! I've never been sick in my life, not even after parties. Do you know Humphrey?"

She indicated a weedy chap in pink slacks with a camera, who kept saying, "Just one more, dear, and then we'll try it on the anchor."

worm, at any rate. I suppose I really should look him up in London. I've no excuse, having time enough on my hands now I've swallowed the anchor.

"As for you, Doctor, you know the rules. Observe them, and you and I will get on perfectly well on board."

I began to feel the outlook was fairly encouraging. I should have to be pretty discreet with Ophelia, of course, but a ship is crammed with cosy nooks for little chats. And although old Basil wasn't far away, being chased round the boilers every time the menu didn't come up to scratch, as far as Ophelia was concerned

chap Basil again, standing in the doorway.

I wondered for a good second if it was really the beastly fellow or whether I'd got hallucinations from general break-up of the psychology under strain.

"Name your drink, Doctor," invited Captain Spratt genially.

"Pink gin," I muttered.

"And for me, as usual, Bea-

champ." "I have taken the liberty of anticipating your wishes, sir," replied Basil, advancing with a tray and two glasses.

"But, damn it! What about the doctor's wishes?"

"I took the further liberty of anticipating those, sir."

"The man's a marvel," muttered Captain Spratt.

"I trust that is the quantity of angostura bitters you favor, sir?" went on Basil, bending over me with the glass.

"Will there be anything more, sir?" he asked the Captain.

"Not for the moment, thank you, Beauchamp."

"Thank you, sir."

He withdrew, with the dignity of a High Court judge, knocking off for lunch.

"Don't see many fellers at sea like him, eh?" Captain Spratt gave an appreciative nod. "In the old days, you could have swapped the Captain's steward for the butler in any stately home in the kingdom, and no one would have been the wiser. Now they're all scent and hair-oil and what-me-overtime. But Beauchamp's one of the real old type."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



"And, furthermore, Doctor, when appearing before the Captain you invariably wear your cap. Kindly remember that."

"Yes, of course, sir."

"And you offer him the courtesy of salute. Hell's teeth!" exclaimed Captain Spratt. "I fancy I shall have a good deal to teach you during the voyage, Doctor."

I hadn't much time to consider this situation in the next few days, because everyone on board was seasick, including myself. But I did kick myself pretty hard for not examining Captain Makepeace's kidneys there and then on his desk in the shipping office.

"Captain Makepeace suffered an acute stone in the kidney on his way to the docks this morning," Captain Spratt had informed me up on the bridge that evening. "Most unfortunate. As our relief captains are all miles away, I like a fool volunteered."

"It should make a pleasant break from the office, sir," was all I could think of saying.

"My dear good feller! Like all professional mariners, I positively detest the sea."

He took out his little silver box.

"I — er, wouldn't recommend snuff with your complaint, sir."

"Doctor, I asked you up here to cure my cold, not to change the habits of a lifetime."

"Yes, quite, sir."

Fate, of course, was at it again.

When I'd qualified at St. Swithin's I'd uttered a great sigh of relief at finally getting out of the clutches of Sir Lancelot Spratt. Now I wasn't only back in them again but being clutched by the whole Spratt family. Fortunately, just then somebody came up to the bridge and announced he wanted to drop the pilot, so I was able to escape and send up a couple of aspirins.

It wasn't till our fourth day out that the ship stopped throwing herself all over the ocean, and the sun returned to the sky and the color to the passengers' cheeks. For the first time I began to think about my next meal instead of my last one, and after my morning surgery I stepped jauntily enough on deck in search of Ophelia.

I found her being photographed looking enraptured on a capstan. I felt at once that come Captain Spratt, come sea-

"Enjoying the trip?" I asked her.

She pouted. "A pretty dreary bunch of people, I must say."

"I think they're supposed to get better as we go along."

I hesitated. "You haven't seen anyone on board you know, I suppose?" I mentioned casually.

"But who on earth would I know on a jaunt like this?"

"No one at all, of course," I agreed quickly. "And — er, I don't suppose you'll be wanting to make a tour of the ship or anything? Engineer room, boilers, firemen's quarters, and so on?"

"My cabin's quite awful enough, darling, thank you."

I nodded. "Yes, I shouldn't penetrate the depths. Very insanitary down there. Easily catch things."

"Another with legs, dear," chipped in Humphrey.

"How about a cocktail in my cabin before lunch?" I suggested.

"Darling, I'd love to, but I've got to have my hair done."

"Well, before dinner?"

"I've a date to try on some costumes for Humphrey."

"Before lunch tomorrow, then?"

"Oh, all right, darling."

I went back to my cabin feeling pretty pleased with myself.

But I didn't get my drink after all. After breakfast the next morning Mr. Shuttleworth appeared, and announced that the Captain desired my company at twelve-thirty prompt in his cabin. I cursed a bit, but as there seemed as much chance of avoiding the summons as of avoiding the summons to the life hereafter, I scribbled a note to Ophelia putting everything off until dinnertime and dutifully climbed to the bridge.

"Ah, Doctor! There you are."

I entered the Captain's cabin saluting hard enough to dislocate my right wrist joint.

"I thought I'd have you up here for a drink," he explained.

"That's very civil of you, sir," I returned.

"That cold of mine, Doctor. Gone like a flash."

"I'm delighted to hear it, sir."

"Good job of work. I regard it as one of the first principles in successfully commanding a vessel at sea always to give credit where credit is due."

At least the old boy seemed much more affable.

"You were a student of my brother's, eh?" the Captain went on, as I took a seat. "The brains of the family. The book-

they might have been in two different ships sailing in opposite directions.

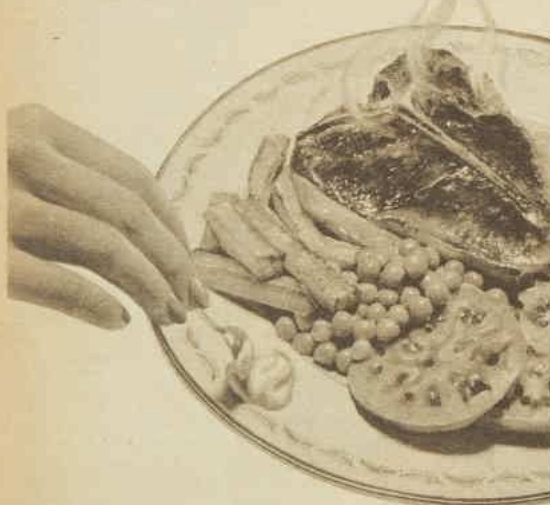
"Now let's have our drink."

The Captain interrupted my thoughts by clapping his hands and calling, "Steward!"

And there was that blasted

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Continuing... DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 62

don't suppose you even see 'em ashore now, more's the pity."

"I don't seem to have noticed him about the ship much," was all I managed to say.

"Of course you haven't. Do you know where that fool of a Chief Steward buried him? Down below in the firemen's mess, if you please. I spotted the feller on my rounds yesterday, and brought him on deck."

The whole thing left me totally mystified.

"Eauchamp will be an absolute godsend at the party tonight," I heard the Captain saying.

"Party?" I looked up.

"What party?"

"The usual jamboree—Captain's cocktails. Bore me to tears myself, but the passengers expect it. Just a few from the first-class, you understand. I've asked the crowd from my table and that advertising woman and the feller with the pink pants."

I gave a jump.

"You are naturally invited, so kindly be sure you've got a clean dicky. Six o'clock sharp, if you please."

"I've a good bit of work to clear up down below, sir—"

"Now look here, Doctor. If you think I am going to make looting small talk over the olives to a bunch of third-class people with first-class tickets, without the full and enthusiastic support of every one of my senior officers, you are greatly mistaken. Hell's teeth! I will not have any shilly-

shallying. I will not have it! you will arrange your work efficiently, and be here on time. That is an order."

"Of course, sir. Quite, sir. I assure you it will be a great pleasure, sir—"

"It certainly will not be. But if you don't make it appear so to everybody present, heaven help you." He swallowed the rest of his gin. "Now I must go to the bridge."

The Captain disappeared up a ladder. I hung behind for a second or two. Then I nipped back to the little pantry outside his cabin door, to find Basil enjoying a smoke and helping himself to the gin.

"Look here! What's the idea?" I demanded at once.

"My dear chappie!" He gave a grin. "How was I?"

"What do you mean, how were you?" I felt pretty narked at it all. "You not only give me the fright of my life creeping through the doorway, but you go oiling round the Captain like a stage butler—"

"But that's exactly it! Don't you remember the very first show I was in? 'The Missing Butlers.' I played the butler. In fact, now I come to think of it, I've been playing butlers steadily ever since, when I've been in work."

"The way you were carrying on certainly made the Admirable Crichton look like a tea-shop waitress," I told him, "but that's not the point—"

"Thank you, dear chappie. You know how I appreciate a good notice. The idea came to me when I was relegated to the firemen's mess by slave-driver Shuttleworth. Not that it was too bad down there, once I'd stopped being beastly sick. All the firemen these days are little skinny men, you know, with

Though not a word if you happen to see her about the ship," he added darkly. "Sorry I can't offer you another gin. I must go down to the Glory Hole for a bite of lunch myself."

I went down to the first-class saloon. I was almost too worried to eat, and I'd all that sea-sickness to catch up with, too.

I had my own table not far from Ophelia and Humphrey, with three eating companions.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



clean collars who turn knobs.

"But as I wasn't allowed on the passenger decks, the whole object of my voyage was defeated. After all," he explained, "the only reason I'm floating about the place like this is to be near my Ophelia."

I said nothing.

"And tonight," laughed Basil, "the poor dear thing is going to get the surprise of her sweet young life. I can hardly imagine her face when she steps through that door and sees me waiting with her first Martini. No end of a joke, don't you think?"

On my right, Miss Miggs, a schoolteacher, recovering from her thyroid being removed. On my left, Mr. Bridgenorth, who seemed to be some sort of high-powered grocer. Opposite, Mrs. van Barn, a pleasant American who looked as though she'd been turned out by a posh beauty parlor, though without making them work too hard for their money.

At least I hadn't the extra strain of making conversation, because everyone meeting a

To page 64

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doctor socially is hurrying to pour out their entire clinical history since the nuptials.

Miss Miggs kicked off with the story of her thyroidectomy, which they'd issued invitations for surgeons all over London to see, like a film premiere. She was followed by Mr. Bridgenorth, who'd been packed off on a cruise when the strain of flogging all those packets of cornflakes got too much for his blood pressure.

And, though Mrs. van Barn was healthy enough herself, she'd lost a couple of husbands through highly complicated diseases, and it struck me they must have been pretty rich chaps at that, affording to have them at New York rates.

While the three of them swapped symptoms over the roast pork, I simply threw in the sympathetic word and wondered what the devil to do about the coming evening. Somehow I had

to keep Basil and Ophelia asunder. As I couldn't very well stop Basil's appearance at the party, short of telling the captain he was suffering from some frightful contagious disease, it was clear I had to go to work pretty smartly on Ophelia.

Immediately after lunch I searched the ship and discovered her looking enraptured against the funnel.

I waited till Humphrey was busy fiddling with his camera.

"Haven't forgotten the little drink rearranged for this evening, I hope?" I asked.

"Oh, darling, it's a frightful bore, but I can't possibly make it. I've just had a simply lovely invitation to the Captain's cocktail party, all covered with flags and things."

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"Not the Captain's cocktail party! It's a frightfully dreary affair. Everyone knows that the people at the captain's table are always the stuffiest bunch on board. They just stand round talking about stocks and shares and golf and downing all the free gin. You'll be absolutely bored to tears."

"It happens I particularly want to go," said Ophelia firmly. "I can always have a drink with you another day, can't I? After all," she added after a pause, "neither of us is likely to go away for the weekend or anything."

"No, of course not. But Ophelia—"

"Sorry, darling, I'm busy."

I went back to my cabin. I knew that once Ophelia made up her mind about anything she was as difficult to shift as Captain Spratt himself.

The afternoon passed. I tried to distract myself by having a go at Sir Lancelot's memoirs. I took evening surgery as usual in the ship's hospital. At last it was time to put on my little mess jacket and stiff shirt, and as I did up my tie I decided that only desperate measures were left.

Going aloft toward the Captain's cabin I slipped into a little nook I remembered below his companionway between the officers' oilskin locker and the gyrocompass.

But, of course, Ophelia was always

late for everything, and I could hear everyone chatting away brightly up in the cabin by the time I spotted her coming down the deck.

"Darling!" she gave a shriek as I jumped out of the shadows. "What on earth's the matter with you these days? You're always going about frightening the life out of me. Is it your idea of shock treatment or something?"

"I thought it would be rather nice for us to have a chat," I said, edging nearer. "After all, Ophelia old girl, we haven't seen much of each other on board, have we? And what with my taking all that trouble to be on the ship with you—"

"You make me sick! For once in my life I've a chance to get away from it all and meet some nice interesting new people, and you have to come panting after me like an oversexed bloodhound—"

"Dash it! I told you once how I absolutely wanted to marry you—"

"And I can tell you now there's not the slightest possibility of my ever being idiotic enough to allow you to ruin my entire life. All I ask is for you to stop ruining my entire holiday. I'm going up to that party."

I grabbed her arm. "Take your hands off me this instant, you beast! Or I'll scream for a sailor." "Ophelia—" I hissed. "Let me tell you exactly why you're not to go up there tonight."

"Please do. No one would be more delighted to find out than myself."

"Basil—Basil Beauchamp—is in the Captain's cabin."

"But—but what on earth is he doing on board? And hobnobbing with the Captain, too?"

"He isn't hobnobbing. He's serving the drinks."

"Serving the drinks?"

"Of all the stupid idiotic oafs!" Ophelia stamped the deck again. "Why can't he leave me alone? Why can't you both leave me alone? Aren't I allowed to have a scrap of private life and talk sometimes to other men than you pair of—"

"At least you can't possibly show your face at the party," I interrupted.

"If Basil wants to turn himself into a floating waiter, that's his concern. I am going up to that party and you, my fine friend, will escort me."

SHE grabbed my arm. We went up the companionway, her nails biting into my left biceps.

I don't know whether Basil expected Ophelia to throw her arms round his neck, burst into tears diluting his tray of drinks, or to faint. As it happened, she simply swept up, said, "Martini, steward," and swept off again.

I edged into the background, watching Basil trying to make all this out. Never a quick thinker off the boards, he frowned a bit and seemed to decide that Ophelia simply hadn't noticed his face.

Ophelia meanwhile struck up conversation with Captain Spratt, though talking and laughing rather louder than usual, and what with it being a low cabin and it being Ophelia, this was pretty noisy altogether.

"Captain, what an absolutely divine party, and how terribly sweet of you to ask me," she prattled.

"But I am sure, Miss O'Brien, you must find it an extremely dull affair. I have no doubt that in London you are greatly in demand to grace far more brilliant assemblies than I can provide," he went on.

"But, Captain, I lead the quietest of lives." She gazed up at him. "I'm quite a homebody, you know. Just cooking and knitting and the television. That's why it's so wonderful to be on your lovely exciting ship."

Basil came squarely up to her, pushing his way through the other guests.

"Steward," said Ophelia, snapping her fingers, "bring the nuts."

Basil stood still, breathing heavily. "Beauchamp, there are guests with empty glasses in the corner," ordered the captain.

"And just to think, Captain, you're in charge of all this great big liner," Ophelia continued. "Doesn't the strain keep you awake all night?"

Captain Spratt smiled. "I am glad to tell you, dear lady, that since first assuming command I have never suffered a moment of insomnia. Though, naturally, the position has its responsibilities—"

"But, Captain, you're just the type who simply thrives on responsibilities." She gave a big sigh. "You'd be absolutely surprised at the spineless creature I

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have to mix with in London. Some I could mention would make a jellyfish look like the penguins outside Buckingham Palace. But you, Captain — she patted his lapel — "you're a man of action. Anyone could see that."

"Madam" — Basil poked a dish towards her — "your nuts."

"Thank you, steward."

"Don't you think it atrocious?" Ophelia went on to Captain Spratt, "how these days some men will pursue a woman right to the very ends of the earth?"

"I'm afraid I'm hardly qualified to answer that, Miss O'Brien, being a confirmed bachelor. Indeed, I have never pursued a woman in my life, except for an unfortunate lady who became unhinged at Tenerife some years ago and raced round the deck in her shift."

"With great respect, madam," intruded Basil, "I would venture the opinion that some ladies ought to regard it as a compliment to be followed anywhere at all."

Ophelia raised her eyebrows. "Indeed?"

"And that's assuming the lady in question were worthy of the gentleman's attentions, madam."

The captain gave a short laugh. "A very philosophical character, our Beauchamp." "Are you suggesting," continued Ophelia, fixing Basil with her eye like a wrinkle on the end of a pin, "that a lady might not be good enough for some mean-minded moron who won't let her out of his sight for more than five minutes?"

"I would only say —"

"Thank you, Beauchamp," said Captain Spratt briefly. "That will be all."

"I would only say," Basil went on doggedly, "that the gentleman would be surprised and pained at the lady not wanting him to accompany her — at considerable trouble and discomfort to himself —"

"That will do, Beauchamp!" roared Captain Spratt.

I suddenly realised everyone else in the cabin had stopped talking. I edged even deeper into the background and grabbed another drink.

"Furthermore, madam," Basil went on, now getting warmed

Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

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up, "if a gentleman wishes to keep his self-respect —"

"Self-respect? Ha! Don't make me laugh. How you can imagine anyone would have a scrap of self-respect after rolling about in pink tights and a red nose in disgusting pantomimes —"

"It was not a disgusting pantomime! It was an extremely high-class show. It simply didn't happen to be appreciated in the district —"

"It was a fifth-rate road show which anyone with the slightest pretensions of being an actor —"

we were so rudely interrupted?"

"Ophelia —!"

"Doctor! Get this man out of here. Hell's teeth! He's raving. Absolutely raving. I'm extremely sorry, ladies and gentlemen, extremely sorry. This is a most unhappy interruption to your evening —"

"Ophelia —!"

"I say, Basil, old lad," I hissed in his ear, "there doesn't seem much doubt this is the cue for your exit."

the ship's hospital, where I was still treating him with large gins.

"But I can't understand it! The last time I saw Ophelia she was so terribly sweet and loving."

"Possibly it was the shock of running into you like that. Unbalances the psychology sometimes."

"You're absolutely sure you didn't tip her off, or anything?" demanded Basil.

I shook my head. "Not a word. Hardly know her, really. Just see her about the ship."

He fell silent for a moment.

RIVETS



"I — the gentleman — is an actor, damn it! You just wait, madam!" Basil shook his finger, spilling all the nuts. "You just wait. One day you'll see him with top billing in the West End and you'll be so blasted sorry —"

"Steward!" Captain Spratt made all the glasses rattle. "Go below at once!"

"I'm sorry," muttered Basil, "extremely sorry. I apologise to everyone. It's simply that I have an urgent message from this lady's fiancé —"

"Go below, I say! Miss O'Brien, I really must express my regrets for this most painful interruption. If you have had a message by wireless —"

"It didn't come by wireless," Basil interrupted. "It came by telepathy."

"Good heavens, he's mad," muttered the Captain. "Where's the doctor?"

"Mad as a hatter," agreed Ophelia briskly, "because I have no fiancé. Now, Captain, what were we discussing before

"I refuse to leave this cabin until I have had a proper explanation and apology," Basil went on, staring round wildly. "Right!" said the Captain. "Mr. Shuttleworth, send for the bos'n."

"Look here —" began Basil.

But even then we had to call the Quartermaster and a couple of sailors to get the poor chap decently out of sight.

I must say, it struck me the idiot had made a first-class mess of his evening. Apart from anything else, it rather looked as though he'd gone and talked himself out of a nice cushy job to back among those boilers.

"That's one scene I'd never play again," said Basil bitterly. "Not for top billing in London and Broadway. I wouldn't."

"A bit harrowing for you, I must say," I agreed, "not to mention the audience."

It was about an hour later. I'd taken him straight down to

"Quite a coincidence that you should be on board, too, Grim?"

I shifted slightly. "Tricks of fate, you know, tricks of fate."

"It all confirms my darkest suspicions," said Basil.

"Suspicious?"

He glared into his glass, looking like Othello coming to the smothering bit.

"I fear, Grim, there is . . . well, what's generally referred to in domestic drama as 'someone else'."

"Oh, ah?"

"I'm not what you'd call an abnormally jealous type," Basil went on.

"I certainly hope — I'm certain you're not."

"Now I come to think of it, nobody is on the stage. Except about themselves, of course. And it's not that I don't trust Ophelia."

"No, of course not."

"But if she started dancing round the deck in the tropical moonlight with chappies in white dinner jackets — there's no knowing what I'd . . . mean, if anyone so much as laid a finger on her . . ."

It suddenly occurred to me what a big chap Basil was. Now I came to think of it, whenever he was behind with the rent in the digs he was always currying favor by hauling up the coals or shifting the landlady's grand piano.

"I suppose I should really be thoroughly civilised and understanding about it all," he added. "But I couldn't. Not with anyone meddling with my little Ophelia. Instead, I'd break his rotten neck."

I reached for the gin bottle.

"Though heaven knows I'll ever see her again on board," Basil sadly replaced the folder. "That tyrant Shuttleworth will have something a damn sight worse up his sleeve than the firemen's mess."

I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor fellow. I also couldn't help feeling it might be a good thing to build up a little friendliness.

"You just leave it all to me, Basil," I told him.

"I'll nip up to the Captain and simply say you were over-coming with a sort of nervous breakdown, entirely due to over-work in his service. In a way it's perfectly true, and I can blind him with a bit of science. Then perhaps they'll fix you up with some quiet easy job somewhere on the strength of it."

"Good old Grim!" Actors are emotional birds, and for a moment I was scared he was going to have a jolly good blub.

"Even those days in the dear old digs, I always knew one thing — I could count on you, at least, as a real true chum."

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Aug. 28

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

I packed Basil off to the Glory Hole, adjusted my tie, and climbed again up all those stairs to the Captain's cabin, preparing some sort of tale to pitch on his behalf.

I reckoned the party should have been over by then, and was rather surprised as I tapped on the door to hear a burst of female laughter inside.

"Enter!"

There was the old boy tucking into roast chicken and asparagus, with a bottle of champagne at his elbow and Mr. Shuttleworth himself in attendance. Sharing the spread with him was Ophelia.

"Ah, Doctor! What have you done with that dangerous lunatic? Securely under lock and key, I hope? I should have known the feller was unbalanced. I remember now the peculiar way he kept snooping at me round corners."

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything, sir?" I remarked, shooting Ophelia a bit of a glance.

"Not at all, Doctor, not at all. It is simply that I felt my appearance in the saloon might prove somewhat embarrassing after tonight's events, and I decided to dine up here. This charming young lady kindly consented to share my simple meal."

"The Captain has been telling me the most absolutely thrilling things about the ship," said Ophelia.

"It is the Master's duty to answer his passengers' questions, my dear Miss O'Brien. But perhaps for the first time in my life at sea I can say it is a positive pleasure as well." He

★ That new spring wardrobe can be enhanced by a new hairdo, grooming. Study yourself, experiment with colors, accessories. If overweight or underweight, diet, exercise faithfully, get results that renew your soul.

★ Your fairy godmother is about to knock on your door. You'll find yourself doing all sorts of fascinating things and see your popularity rising. If fancy-free, an attractive stranger appears.

★ Any older person could offer an attractive business proposition. Your parents may fulfill a wish or give a permission formerly refused. Some get a job through an elder. Any of this may apply to you beloved.

★ That journey may not take you far, but what's at the end of it is important. It could be an interview for a job, an entertainment at which you meet a new personality, or a romantic date.

★ Whether buying or selling, you'll benefit through a successful business deal. If hunting a job or seeking a better one, the stars are friendly. Beware, however, of wildcat schemes which attempt to lure your money.

★ A new cycle brings a wide variety of opportunities, but your danger lies in too modest a conception of your abilities. Timidity or hesitation to accept responsibility could cause you to be passed over.

★ Instead of drifting along aimlessly, develop a new skill. If you have an unfulfilled ambition, see how far you can go towards your goal. If interested in people, resolve to make at least one new friend.

★ Your sign is the lone wolf, but this week the more people you know the greater your good fortune. Some find a new romantic attachment, possibly at a party. A number may receive a presentation.

★ Many will be starred this week, possibly in connection with your job especially if you're in contact with the public. Otherwise you shine on a social occasion. Some are likely to get a welcome surprise.

★ The longer your journey the more exciting your experience. If obliged to stay home, read all you can about places you'd like to visit. A few will go on a working holiday which could be a turning point.

★ Whether you remodel a frock or go forsoaking in second-hand stores, you'll congratulate yourself on your cleverness. A challenge to your imagination will be involved, and your sign is famous for ingenuity.

★ If you can't get your own way don't resign in a huff. You may be right, but you will accomplish something only through compromise. Let your beloved choose, on occasion, where to spend the evening.

raised his champagne glass. "By the way, Doctor, if you want to put that feller Beauchamp in a straitjacket, it is perfectly all right with me."

"I agree, sir, the unfortunate man is slightly off balance mentally —"

"You can say that again," murmured Ophelia.

"But I assure you it's only a temporary condition. It was the strain, sir, being over-conscientious about his work."

Captain Spratt grunted.

"If I might suggest, sir, he should continue with some simple job down below suitable for his limited mental capacities."

He stroked his beard.

"Oh, the poor thing's perfectly harmless," said Ophelia suddenly. I didn't know if she was beginning to feel sorry over the way she'd treated Basil, or merely beginning to feel tipsy. "Give him some nice easy work, Captain, where he can fuddle along in his own little way."

"Oh, very well, very well. Mr. Shuttleworth!"

"Sir?"

"You heard the conversation. Put Beauchamp somewhere where he can't come to any harm. Just see he won't get under my feet, that's all I ask. Thank you, Doctor. Good night."

"Bye, bye, Doctor dear," said Ophelia.

As I left, I fancied they were just about to pull the wishbone.

To be continued

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Continuing . . .

HOW THEY TALKED ABOUT HER

from page 26

"But I haven't much money and I want to work!"

Tom Dixon raised his tankard. "You'll soon learn." He winked at the others. "We can teach you that."

Nancy had a quick look over the inn. To make it what it should be would cost money. Perhaps she should sell.

The tall man was waiting outside. "Don't stay, Miss Moore," he said. "Your uncle wouldn't make it pay, and he was the right type. If you've ideas about folk-weave curtains and horse brasses, forget them. There isn't the trade and the regulars wouldn't appreciate any change."

"Including you?" she challenged.

He shrugged. "The Woodcutters' happens to be my favorite inn. I'm Roger Prescott. I share a studio in Chelsea, but spend most of my time here, so I know both worlds, and you wouldn't fit into this one. You're too young, too pretty, and too inexperienced."

The solicitor thought the same. "The inn is too small to pay, Miss Moore. A brewer could rebuild and attract the tourist trade, but you haven't the capital."

"I have ideas," she said, "and I have been in business, Mr. Markham. I'm tired of London. My people were country-bred."

She took possession after a month of doubts. She felt she had done the right thing as

soon as Maggie welcomed her. "I'll show you all I can before evening opening," Maggie said, "because we'll have a full house. They're expecting a free night, Miss," she added gloomily, "same as your uncle gave. If you ask me, he never got over it. Drank the place dry, they did."

"They can have one drink each on the house," Nancy told her, "and no more."

The news was received with astonishment, real or assumed. As self-appointed spokesman, Tom Dixon said her Uncle Nat would turn in his grave if she flouted the local custom.

THEY retired to the tables, talking of the good old days and landlords they had known. Roger Prescott stood beside Nancy as she polished glasses.

"First blood to you," he murmured. "But they won't let you get away with it."

"Do you give away pictures?" she demanded.

"I certainly don't sell any. May I do the Woodcutters' a new sign — of a girl with a large axe cutting down expenses?" Maggie nudged her. "Harry Bates wants a pint on the slate," she said, indicating a wistful little man with an empty tankard. "Is it all right?"

The hush that had fallen warned Nancy this was a major issue. Beaten on the free drinks front, they were trying another line of attack.

"No credit," she said briskly. "We'll start as we mean to go on."

"Then you won't get far, Miss," Tom Dixon called. "It's another custom — they always pay up on Fridays, before going home."

"Not always," she answered. "I've seen my uncle's books, and he wrote off three hundred pounds in bad debts."

The silence thickened. Harry Bates broke it indignantly. "In those days most of us were out of work, Miss."

"Now, Harry, you know she doesn't approve of treating," said Tom Dixon sadly. "She's made that plain." He grinned at Nancy, who wanted to box his ears.

"There's plenty of work now," she told Bates. "If you'll give a hand behind the bar I'll credit you with two pints an hour — we can use help until Maggie trains me."

"Sweated labor," said Tom. But Bates wanted to try serving and Nancy kept him busy shifting barrels and crates until after earning two pints he said apologetically he thought the beer tasted better on the customers' side.

To page 66

Continuing . . . HOW THEY TALKED ABOUT HER

from page 65

"Think of tomorrow, Mr. Bates," she said. "I'll chalk up what you earn on the slate, and if you can keep a few gallons in hand I may pay interest."

The idea of Harry keeping even a pint in hand made everyone laugh. But he must have thought it over, for he started digging the long garden for her, and by the end of the week he could have bathed in beer if he hadn't been almost too tired to lift a tankard.

Others also thought it over. Soon there were credit accounts on the slate for painting the inn and other jobs.

The men began to have second thoughts about the girl from town.

For the price of a few barrels she had the Woodcutters' looking like a picture postcard inn.

"The wives are complaining because they can't get their men to lift a hand at home," Roger told her.

She got him to do a new inn sign. Using the smith as a model, he made a good job of a woodman felling an oak. As he refused to take anything for it, she offered to put his pictures on show in the snugery.

"You say they don't sell," she told him. "It may be because they aren't seen."

"They're too good to find buyers before I'm dead," he said broodingly.

"But I don't mind bringing three along if you're well insured against fire. Tom Dixon says that with that old chimney you'll go up in smoke some day."

"Tom's a thatcher, so he's always hoping for the worst," she answered. "I've spent more than I can afford, and now I'm going to get it back."

No one believed her, until cars began finding their way to the Woodcutters' in the evenings. Before long they were parked so close that the regulars could hardly get their bikes through to the wall. It was crowded with strangers.

As Tom Dixon said during a mid-day quiet, they were a decent lot, but it wasn't good enough. "You keep them to the snugery," he complained,

"or we'll have to go elsewhere. You can't do without local custom."

"I wouldn't want to, Tom," she told him. "But I'm going to make this place pay. You pride yourself on doing a job properly. So do I."

"It's not a job for a girl," he said. "In Uncle Nat's day we were comfortable and now we aren't."

"You're a dog in the manger," she said. "You'll have plenty of room if I get plans passed for the alterations."

Roger wasn't pleased about her plans. "Red brick, with a piano and billiards?" he asked. "What are you trying to turn us into, Nancy?"

"A paying proposition."

"At the expense of the regulars," he accused. "Haven't you had enough out of them? It would serve you right

if they boycotted you. Then you'd have to give up the inn and marry someone who'd boss you for a change."

"There aren't many men here I'd choose to marry," she said distantly. "Maybe he'd choose you. It's the custom in villages."

The idea of a boycott caught on. "If we stay away from the inn for a week she'll come to her senses and keep her fancy friends out," Tom Dixon said. "No need to go without beer. Jack Hollis can bring a load of crates in his van, and we'll use his workshop as a social club."

At first it was like a picnic, with the bottles lined up on a bench and everyone bringing his own mug. But the mugs were different sizes, and when Sergeant Billings looked in to stop the row he said they couldn't run a club without a licence.

"A girl like that should marry," said the blacksmith. "She's got the right head on the right body, and the right man'd keep her in her place. You're single, Tom."

"And I know when I'm lucky," snapped Tom. "But how about Prescott? He knows how to talk to her. When she went on at him for not using the new ashtrays he flew off the handle!"

"Doesn't sound like love," said the smith.

"She's trying to house-train him," Tom said. "I reckon that if she sold one of his pictures he'd be so pleased he'd pop the question and she'd say yes."

"But who'd buy his pictures? They give me the shudders."

"Leave that to me," said Tom. "She's got three fishermen staying there this week. One believes there's still salmon in the Rushey, and a man who thinks that can be sold anything."

NANCY was surprised and delighted when a guest offered five pounds for a picture. When the fisherman asked for an option on the other two as well, everyone waited for Roger to sweep her into his arms and name the day.

Instead, he sat playing cards with the fishermen until he had lost his five pounds. Nancy had to light her log fire to keep them warm, and she was so furious she almost threw him out at closing time. "Five pounds wasted!" she cried. "You're a lazy good-for-nothing, and you're barred!"

She slammed the door on him. He marched to the post where the inn sign hung and unhooked it.

The fire started in the early hours in the Woodcutters' thatch where a spark from Nancy's fire had smouldered.

In a few minutes the village was watching the best blaze for years. Tom, a heavy sleeper, was just in time to see Maggie stumble out in her dressing-gown, closely followed by the three fishermen. He shouted to ask if Nancy was safe, but the old woman looked dazed.

Then Roger Prescott dashed across the road and a cheer broke from the crowd as he plunged through the smoke. Tom tried to follow, but was held back by the blacksmith.

"This is it, Tom lad!" the smith cried. "He'll come out with her in his arms and she'll have to marry her hero."

Another cheer went up as Roger staggered out, then they saw that in his arms he clasped his other two pictures.

They were knocked from him as Tom dashed in. Smoke billowed down the stairs as he raced up them and he could hear the thatch crackling.

"Nancy!" he shouted. "Where are you, my darling?"

She was checking the bedrooms to make sure everyone had left, but she reeled gracefully into his arms and clung to him as he carried her down. The clang of a fire-engine bell sounded above the cheering. Tom saw the smith grinning as he carried Nancy across to his house, where he kicked the door shut and kissed her.

"'Tis only a thatch fire, Nancy darling," he comforted. "I'll be able to fix it for you."

She opened her eyes. "But I can't afford it, Tom—"

"You won't have to. Leave it to me and the insurance." He looked down at her. "Reckon you need a man at the Woodcutters', Nancy," he said gruffly. "Think I do?"

She had made up her mind about that long ago.

"If you love me, Tom," she said softly. "I wouldn't ask you if I didn't. I thought you were stuck on the artist."

"He'll give us the sign back as a wedding present," she murmured. "And the tap shall have a free night. It's the custom, isn't it, Tom, dear?"

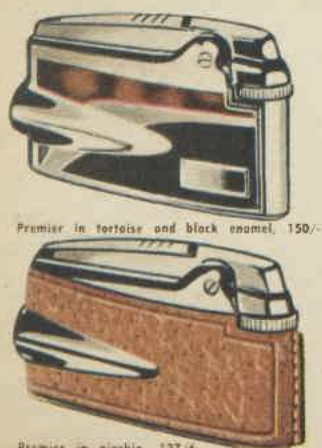
"If the insurance is paid in time," said the new host of the Woodcutters'. "But I'm not waiting long."

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WORLD'S FINEST LIGHTERS

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

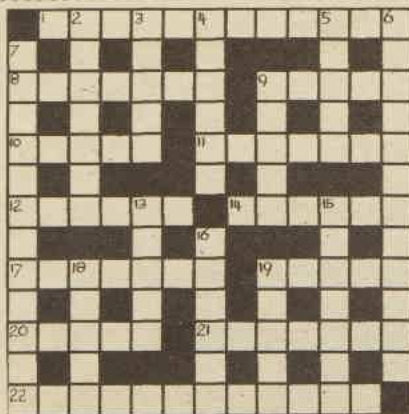
MANDRAKE has been asked by the outer-space ambassadors to act as impartial judge at their "summit meeting." Narda and Mandrake gasp at the "people" they meet. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Take clean tulle, it will make your mind understanding and philosophical (12).
4. The back of the altar contains a red rose (7).
9. Death (Anagr., 5).
10. Reduce what a sailor consumed? (5).
11. In the interest of one side only (2, 5).
12. One was a great religious founder of the 18th century, the other was the poet of that religion (6).
14. Have a high opinion of (6).
17. Inflammable oil gained from organic substances (7).
18. Ancient author of fables about animals (5).
20. He consumes food (5).
21. Rare gin (Anagr., 7).
22. Of simplicity of character (6-6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. They are of 1066 fame (7).
3. Cloth though mostly is nude (5).
4. Discoverer of antiseptic treatment in surgery (6).
5. Give expression to by a stout termagant (5).
6. Men at the gate can be eloped Greeks (5-7).
7. Their wage is probably a loaf (5-7).
9. Had confidence (5).
13. Come in (5).
15. Actuated by divine influence (7).
16. Ceremonious salutation in the East (6).
18. Dish for the Eucharistic bread (5).
19. No rag in the atmosphere (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 30, 1961

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, G.P.O., Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7321.—Dainty maternity negligee is waltz-length, with short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. figured material, ½yd. 36in. plain material, 1½yds. 1in. lace edging, and 2yds. 1in. ribbon. Price 4/9.

F7320.—Pretty maternity nightgown with fitted top, full skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. plain material, 1yd. 36in. figured material, and 1 to 1½yds. 1in. double-sided edging. Price 3/9.

F7308.—Slim frock with overskirt has either short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short sleeved takes 4½yds. 36in. material and three-quarter-sleeve style requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F7381.—Pleated skirt and straight jacket outfit for teenagers. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Frock requires 4yds. 36in. material, jacket takes 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7321



F7320



F7308



F7381



F7389.—Straight-skirted dress with overskirt and tie at waist. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for frock and 2½yds. 36in. material for overskirt. Price 4/9.

F7407.—Party dress has wide neck line, bell skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



F7407

F7389



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 531—MATERNITY SMOCK
Pretty maternity smock is available cut out ready to make in spotted cotton. Colors are olive, pink, red, pale blue, and navy spot, all on a white background. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 30/11, 36 and 38in. bust 41/6. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 532—DUCHESS SET
Dainty duchesse set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white, cream, and pink linen. Price is 8/9, plus 2/3 postage.

No. 533—HOUSE-FROCK
Casual and easy to wear house-frock available cut out ready to make. Material is printed cotton with cameo design. Colors are petal-pink with blue and pink, cream with olive, grey, and pink. It is also available in apple-green with grey, red, and gold multicolored medallions in a cotton fabric. Sizes 22 and 34in. bust 31/6, 36 and 38in. bust 33/6. Postage 4/-.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

533



531



532

Here's Your Health!



ARNOTT'S BUY THE GOOD THINGS WHICH AUSTRALIA GROWS IN THE SUNSHINE

Over the years, Arnott's have used vast quantities of wheat which they have converted into delicious biscuits for sale in Australia and export overseas. The effect of this ever-increasing demand for Australian wheat by Arnott's has been felt even in the remote districts; not wheat alone, but butter, milk, eggs and dried fruits. There are rare values in Australian wheat grown in our generous sunshine.

An ideal form in which the shredded grain of Australian wheat is available to you is in Arnott's famous Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits, in which, by special process of their manufacture, the full protein and mineral content of the wheat grain in this biscuit is retained.

These biscuits also encourage slow chewing, and, therefore, good digestion.

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Bring sunshine to your table with—

Arnott's *famous* SHREDDED WHEATMEAL Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 30, 1961

Teenagers

WEEKLY

**EASY TO
KNIT FOR
A PARTY
—Page 10**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

***That's
women
for you!***

peer through the glass but all she saw look outside again.



WHO'S THAT BLOND in the centre? It's Tommy Sands, in a scene from "Love In a Goldfish Bowl," with Toby Michaels at left and Fabian with back to camera. The film is scheduled for release in Australia in October or November.

The more they are together...

● Tommy Sands and his wife, Nancy Sinatra, have said since the beginning of their marriage 10 months ago that they want to do everything together — and they're carrying their resolve as far as they can.

WHEN Tommy had to change his black hair to blond for a role in the film "Love In a Goldfish Bowl," Nancy turned her dark brown hair blond, too.

And when the film was finished and Tommy reverted to his natural color, Nancy did the same.

Tommy's a singer (as if you didn't know) — and Nancy wanted to sing, too. She's made a recording called "Cuff Links and a Tie Clip" to launch her own career.

"We believe in doing everything together," Tommy said. He and Nancy were in New Orleans combining their belated honeymoon with Tommy's personal appearances on TV and in theatres, publicising his film. Fabian also starred in the film.

"I kicked like a steer when they told me I'd have to turn blond for the film," Tommy recalled. "But I didn't feel so bad about it when Nancy decided to join me."

"We both went blond for six weeks. The day we finished shooting I rinsed

out the color and so did Nancy. I hate the color for myself, although a lot of people said they liked it."

"I thought Nancy looked great as a blonde — but I think she looks greater as a brunette."

Tommy is proud of his wife's recording debut, which was made on behalf of Reprise Records, partly owned by her father.

"Cuff Links and a Tie Clip" is a rhythm song and on the reverse side Nancy sings an oldie, "I See the Moon." Tommy likes the "Moon" number better than the novelty one.

Nancy has a sweet voice but not much volume. Her voice was recorded on tape twice to get a bigger sound.

Tommy toured Australia in 1958 and 1959, and Nancy visited Australia with her father when he made his first tour of the country in 1955.

"Nancy and I are both crazy about the place," Tommy declared. "I'd like to go back and go into business in Australia some day."

"Not only is it beautiful, but I think it has a tremendous future. It's got to grow."

Tommy is enthusiastic about his role in "Love In a Goldfish Bowl."

"It was the first script that I'd read in a year that I liked — because it gave me a chance to act," he explained.

"It's a comedy with a lot of Kookie talk in it, but my role is pretty solid and I worked hard on it."

Since making that film, Tommy has completed "Babes in Toyland," a Walt Disney production of the famous operetta, in which he plays opposite Annette Funicello, one of the original TV Mouseketeers.

SUDDENLY . . .

It's LEAP year!



TRAMPOLINING, a truly bouncing U.S. craze, is now catching on in Australia. The picture shows girls on and around the net at the R.S.L. Club, Manly, N.S.W. More than 100 girls attend a trampoline class at the club each week.

By DIANE ROBERTS

● Have you ever tried talking to a girl who keeps bouncing out of view, up and down, up and down, like a yo-yo?

BELIEVE me, it becomes a little difficult. However, our bouncing beauty soon ran out of energy and bounced to a stop before me, slightly out of breath.

What had she been doing? Pogo jumping, leaping for joy? No, guess again. She was **trampolining** — the latest craze to bounce into Australia.

A trampoline (in case you don't know) is a springy mat made of loosely woven synthetic fibre attached to a metal frame by large steel springs. Trampolines come in various sizes, depending on how high you want to jump.

The bigger the mat the higher you jump. The trampoline mat has a dot painted in the centre, and the idea is to land on the dot each time. It's good exercise.

The trampoline craze has jumped its way over here from America. No one seems to know where trampolining first came from. A logical suggestion is that it comes from the big bouncy nets used by clowns and tumblers in circuses.

Popular sport

But no matter how it all started it caught on in a big way in America. Trampoline centres and "Bouncelands" popped up over the country. Many people in the U.S. have private trampolines—even portable ones, placed on the edges of swimming-pools instead of diving-boards.

The craze has not reached such epidemic proportions out here, but it is becoming increasingly popular. Quite a few health and gymnastic clubs,

youth and sporting organisations have started trampolining classes and special trampoline centres.

I recently visited Manly R.S.L. Club in Sydney, which holds trampolining classes each week. The classes are divided, girls between seven and 17 on Tuesday nights, boys in the same age group on Wednesday nights.

The classes are held under the supervision of the Manly R.S.L. Youth Club and trained instructors, men and women, keep a watchful eye on their never-still charges.

How to stop?

The class I dropped in on is so popular that more than 100 girls attend each week. I walked over to the trampoline and watched pretty Mrs. Barbara McBurnie explaining a jump to one of her pupils.

With pigtails flying and an expression of intense concentration on her face, the young girl bounced, leapt, twisted, and turned as Barbara called out instructions.

"How do you stop?" I asked. "Do you just spring off on to the floor?"

"Never," replied Barbara firmly. "That can be very dangerous. All you do is bend your knees and — hey, presto! — you're at a standstill."

Accidents can happen very easily unless you are an experienced "trampoliner." A beginner must be under supervision. As a precaution the other girls waiting their turn stood around the edge. If anyone looked like going off, willing hands were there to help her.

So if you want to be UP on what's new, start trampolining. It's DOWNright fun.

THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman.

● E. M. FORSTER (1879—): "A Passage to India."

COMPARED with a Faulkner or a Hemingway, E. M. Forster has made little noise in the world. He has written only five novels. Of these, four date from before World War I. The fifth, "A Passage to India," was published in 1924.

Since then he has not written another novel, although several books of essays and biographies have appeared.

Nevertheless, he is considered the finest of living English novelists. Finest, not greatest. His reputation continues to increase, while that of other authors of his time — Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, Walpole — is declining. Forster's quiet power springs from his special gift for treating problems in human relations with grace, delicacy, and a wonderful sense of comedy. Comedy rather than satire.

Forster is not committed to any one point of view about anything. His values are those of civilisation — not English civilisation or European civilisation but a kind of civilisation of the heart, not bound to any special group or creed.

In "A Passage to India" there are no heroes or villains. The Hindus, the Moslems, the English are all at times "right," at times "wrong."

This novel is not about Indian nationalism, or the stupidities of English colonialism, or about Indian mysticism. All these three themes are involved. This novel is about separateness—it is about the barriers that we throw up that isolate us from one another.

If you have read "A Passage to India," re-read it. Then try Forster's other major novel, "Howards End." Many consider it his masterpiece.

● T. S. ELIOT (1888—): Collected Poems and Plays.

ELIOT is a difficult writer, though as the year passes he is less so, for he had educated us to understand him.

Difficult or not, he has — more than any other living man — altered, deepened, and refined the character of English and American poetry in our time.

More than this, he has supplied modern literary criticism with a set of high standards, and in doing so has shed a new light on a whole new series of writers — the minor

Elizabethans: Dante, Dryden, and Donne. Through him, too, there has been a revival of poetic drama.

Read his poetry in the order in which it was written. Eliot has grown, both technically and spiritually. His poetry has grown from verse filled with allusion and quotations to verse of great purity and symphonic form.

During his evolution he has held fast to his original aim: "to digest and express new objects, new groups of objects, new feelings, new aspects."

His purpose, however, is not to shock us with disagreeable things. "The essential advantage of the poet," Eliot once wrote, "is not to have a beautiful world with which to deal; it is to be able to see beneath the beauty and ugliness; to see the boredom, and the horror and the glory."

All three, the boredom, the horror, the glory, are woven into his verse.

Eliot's poetry is rich in lines so beautifully expressive that they remain in our heads forever, and become part of our emotional world.

● ALDOUS HUXLEY (1894—): "Brave New World." Collected Essays.

THE variety, flexibility, and the sheer brilliance of Huxley's mind may be enjoyed through a reading of his essays. He leaves few of the major concerns of man untouched.

There is perhaps no other English or American writer who reflects with such clearness the past 40 years of change in Western intellect, including its latest trend toward the thought of the East.

The book that gave Huxley world-wide audience is "Brave New World," published in 1932. Probably this terrible story will lose some of its force as the world moves toward the conditions he describes in fantasy.

Huxley's "Brave New World," projected 600 years into the future, is populated by managed animals, still known as human beings. These animals have been taught to love their servitude; they are happy, or, as we proudly say, adjusted. Religion as we know it, art, science, the family, emotions, individual differences no longer exist.

This future no longer seems so remote as it did in 1932, but Huxley's book should not be taken literally. It is not a textbook of the future but a purposely exaggerated satire.

THE END

YOUR BOOK

AND PASTE IN

CUT OUT

From Paris — off-beat fashion



P A R I S revolts against the manish look. The result? The pants at left are almost three yards wide, and gathered just above the ankle. Note the high heels — a must for the "loose" look.



SILKY, shaggy mohair makes a warm-as-toast cocoon (left) worn over slinky ski-pants and top. **COMFORT** plus fashion flair (right) is typified in these loose, printed silk pants. Once more—the sophisticated black top.



How to survive "stu. vac." blues

By **PETER EWART**

IF you answer "yes" to any of these questions, and if you're sitting for an exam in a few months' time, the chances are you're suffering from that most feared of teenage diseases—"stu. vac." blues.

Most Australian students have two study vacations—the August-September holidays (for those who are really determined to pass) and the week or so between the end of the teaching year and the date of the first of the yearly exams.

And if you're in any way normal, you probably fall into one of these three groups:

- You've worked hard all the year and now you're panicking because you think you haven't done enough.
- You've done a bit of work and are panicking because you should have done more.
- You've done no work and are just panicking.

No matter what form of the disease you have, here are the tried and tested ways to go about a cure.

For a start, hide away all records, distracting magazines, noisy, younger brothers and sisters, television sets, and whatever else you use to waste your time.

When you've done this, hide yourself in a quiet, well-lit room with these basic necessities:

- Plenty of scribbling paper.
- All your text books.
- Pens and ink.
- As many old exam papers as you can lay your hands on.

Now that you're all prepared, here is a list of DO'S and a list of DONT'S.

The first of the DO'S is to realise that "stu vac." isn't the time to start learning your course all over again. If you try to do that you'll be wasting some of your time relearning things you already really know.

What you should be doing is finding out what you don't know and trying to learn that.

This is where the old exam papers come in. You write out the answer to each question—no saying, "Yes, I can do that" and leaving it at that — and whenever you come to a point you're not quite clear on, you look it up in the text books.

In this way you remind yourself of all the things you do know and find out most of the things you don't know.

There is, of course, a word of warning. When you do the past

papers, make sure the course hasn't changed since then. Exam papers more than 10 years old are not likely to be much help, and in subjects such as physics past papers leave out whole sections of the course.

So, before you set out to suffer all the agonies of the students who went before you, ask your teacher whether you have to go through the same torture or an entirely new variety.

The next DO is so simple you're likely to forget it — organise your time. Don't be caught out at the end of your vacation with the discovery that you've left out an important subject.

If you try to divide your time and not tackle your subjects one at a time in big bursts, you get less tired. And if you get behind in your study programme, you will have done at least some work in each subject.

That takes care of the DO'S (easy, weren't they?). We now come to the painful section, the DONT'S.

The first DONT is reassuring — don't set yourself too much.

If you do this you run the risk of becoming frightened and giving up altogether. Be practical when you begin your planning.

The second DONT is not so pleasant. Don't set yourself too little, so that your programme is too easy to complete. This is only a way of tricking yourself when you know you could be doing more.

So, when you set your programme, be honest and make one that keeps you working constantly for all the time available.

And while we're on the subject of trickery, watch out for another pitfall. DONT tell yourself you can study just as well at the beach or in front of a television set. You know you can't, and there's plenty of time to catch up with your tan or your serials after the exams.

Another very important DONT is: Don't get yourself overtired. You can't work at your best on only six hours' sleep, and as far as the exams are concerned, by far the best plan is to keep yourself healthy.

If you go to your exam exhausted after 100 hours' swot-

ting, you stand less chance than if you go rested with only 10 hours' work behind you.

Another risk is that you won't get enough exercise. If you're the kind of person who plays a lot of sport DONT give it up altogether. Suddenly doing nothing but study is likely to be more harmful than helpful. So allow a few hours each week to make sure the blood keeps flowing.

Finally, DONT indulge in that dangerous practice — the tipping of exam papers. This is a popular sport around November, and for every person who passed because he tipped the paper correctly, there are ten who failed.

Remember this: If there are five questions and the examiners have only three possible choices for each question, the odds against you tipping the paper exactly are about four in 1000 — nearly the same as your chance of winning a prize in a lottery.

The best way to "tip" a paper is to know the type of question the examiners ask. And this is one of the things you learn from past papers.

That's all there is to it really. If you stick to these ideas you can't go far wrong.

Of course there is one other matter — the exam itself. But that's something that has a habit of looking after itself, especially if the preparation has been good.



7350. The young, smart look, short, bare-armed, and with a cute stand-up frill at the lowered waistline of the big, summery skirt. Teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. of 36in. material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. of 36in. contrasting material. Price 4/6.

Patterns

- Give yourself a running start for and wonderful styles specially

DETAILED instructions that go with the patterns are so clear and straightforward that you find it no trouble at all, and the dress you'll have will be a fashion wow.



7354. With low, scooped neck, to early tans, and flat, symmetrical the sleeveless dress above requires of 36in. material. Teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Price 4/6.

for spring

spring fashion parade by making one of these young
designed by Candy Hardy for Australian teenagers.

WHEN ordering remember to state clearly the pat-
tern number and the size you require. The address
is Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D.
orders can be accepted.



7355. Flattering floral sleeveless dress,
above, with its senorita-type three-tiered
skirt, is for the girl who likes to look
pretty. Teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust.
Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



7349. Stand-away neckline, low-
ered waist, and oversize pockets
of the dress above are all fashion
news. Teenage sizes 30 to 36in.
bust. Requires 5½yds. of 36in.
material. Price 4/6.



7351. Flowers at
the waist and a
white V-front give a
springy look to this
practical, easy-to-wear
dress with its full,
loosely pleated skirt.
Teenage sizes 30 to 36in.
bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in.
check material and ½yd.
36in. plain. Price 4/6.



**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

Dancing ban

"I AM average looking, about 5ft. 4in., and will be 16 next month. All my girl-friends at school go to dancing class, but my mother will not let me. At the classes my friends have met some very nice well-mannered boys who have taken them to a few parties and dances. I have never been to a mixed party or dance and would probably be nervous and embarrassed at meeting other people. I think dancing class is a wonderful place to meet other boys and girls and gain confidence in yourself. Do you think Mum is being unfair to me, and is there anything I can do to make her see my point of view?"

"Upset," S.A.

I agree with everything you say about dancing class. It is a good place to meet other people, to learn to dance, and to gain confidence in yourself. You are absolutely right.

But I also think your mother is absolutely right, too. She believes in first things first, and at present first things for you are passing your exams.

She knows perfectly well that the reason you want to go to dancing class is not primarily to learn dancing, but to launch yourself into a new circle of friends and a new social life. That's true, isn't it? You'd be less than normal if it isn't.

Your mother is only using her adult wisdom when she says you can't go to dancing class. Every mother knows her own daughter, and she knows that it would be wiser for you not to go for a while. She's sure to let you go later on.

The best thing you can do to get to the dancing class is to pretend you've forgotten your urge to go and concentrate on doing your work at school, and home, and being a happy daughter. If you're happy, your mother will want to make you happier; if you sulk, she'll think you need punishment.

Busy—and shy

"I AM a girl of 17, and because of my studies for my matriculation, which at present take up most of my time, I have not made many friends. I am also bashful and easily embarrassed. Please tell me how I may get to know someone. I am allowed to go to local socials and dances, but I never seem to have sufficient courage to go on my own."

"Shy," S.A.

When you say you want to get to know "someone," I realise you mean not someone—just boys. All girls are the same. It is very difficult to meet enough attractive boys when you are studying. It is extra hard when you say you have few friends in the district, and when you can't make it a full-scale project.

What you really need and want is someone to say "abracadabra" and produce a boy who is good company, makes no great demands on your time, but is there to escort you to socials and so on when you have the time to relax from your studies.

I have to be brutally frank with you

—you haven't got a chance of finding yourself a boy just now. You've got to stop looking, pass that exam, and before the university starts get working on that bashfulness of yours. Universities are wonderful hunting grounds for girls looking for boys, and for boys looking for girls.

What spare time you have between now and the exams I'd spend cultivating your girl-friends and accepting all invitations anywhere, to see family friends or girl-friends. You never know when boys may be present. But please don't go to a social or dance by yourself. That would be the end.

Unhappy ending

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy for three months, and I have just broken it off because he was interfering with my studies. I think of him all day and I cannot concentrate. I am very moody, depressed, and temperamental and now I realise how much I love him. He has been ringing up a friend of mine, who is not at all interested in him, and I think he is only doing this to annoy me because he has never been introduced to her. He has rung me since we broke up and I feel that he still likes me. I am 17 and he is 19."

"Depressed," N.S.W.

When you break off a romance, you want to break it clean—snap, bang—not make it a slow painful business like pulling sticking plaster off your skin. That is what you're making this break, and by doing this you are prolonging the agony. The agony is a thousand times worse since your old boy-friend has become interested in your girl-friend.

He is interested in your girl-friend now, not you; don't kid yourself he's trying to annoy you and draw your attention back to him by ringing her up—

there are plenty of other, more direct ways he could do that.

What you should do is get down to those studies and leave this boy and romance alone until you have passed your exams. There is nothing to be done about your depressions, your moods and general unhappiness.

Everyone has to live through this typical aftermath of a broken romance. But stick to your original decision and concentrate on your studies. This old romance would never come back to be as it was.

Unhappy beginning

"LAST Christmas I became engaged to a very nice boy. Unfortunately, he is a sporting star and spends most of the year travelling round the world with an Australian team. I have not seen him since early this year, when he left for Europe, and, although he writes to me every week, I feel I could not stand this life if I marry him. Living in hotels or boarding planes all the time is not my idea of a happy married life, and I am writing to you for advice."

"Neddy," Vic.

I don't think it's the life that you're finding fault with; I think your love is neither sufficiently strong nor deep. You know perfectly well what your life would be when you consented to marry him, and were quite satisfied or you wouldn't have accepted his proposal.

Be kind to this boy. Break it off with him quickly so he can find someone who is happy with him as he is and doesn't want to change his way of life.

Rare ambition

"I AM 14, and would like to be a woman detective. How do I join the force? I am leaving school at 15, and wonder whether I would have to go to night school to be taught. What age would I be when I started to drive police cars, and what else would I have to do?"

"Detective," N.S.W.

Life IS cruel. Seven years have to pass before you can even apply to join the Police Force. You must be 21, be 5ft. 6in. tall at least, and be able to pass an exam at about first-year high-school standard before the force would consider your application. Another sad thing is that most women police work with traffic; none of them drive police cars or become women detectives. There are occasions when they assist plainclothes policemen, but it is comparatively rare.

Know your etiquette

INFORMAL DINNERS

HOW TO SET THE TABLE

REMEMBER the old rule that everything on the table should be symmetrically balanced. The cutlery is placed in the order it is to be used, starting from the outside. Knives and spoons are on the right—the knives with the cutting edge facing toward the plate. Forks are placed on the left of the plate, with the prongs turned upwards.

Table napkins should be folded and placed on the bread-and-butter plate. Guests should never have to reach across the table, or ask for things to be passed. Have pepper and salt shakers and all other condiments placed within easy reach of every guest.

AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

THIS is a pleasant custom, made even more enjoyable if all the guests leave the table and go to more comfortable chairs for coffee.

Have a tray already set with cups and saucers (the small ones are more elegant), spoons, a sugar bowl, cream dish, milk jug, and a bowl of lemon wedges.

Have the tray in a position where the hostess can pour the coffee and hand it around with a minimum of fuss. If you like, you may serve chocolates or tiny cakes with coffee.

NEXT WEEK: More about menus.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



WHAT are your legs going to look like when the surfing season starts in just over a month?

Ghastly fishy-white? Hairy? Ugh! Start weekend sunbaking now to give them that even egg-shell-brown that looks way out against sand. Get busy with razor, with mitt, and cream to make them velvet smooth.

If shape is your big leg worry, try going up on your tiptoes and doing six deep knee-bends morning and evening. Right?

Steady boy-friend

"I HAVE been dating the same girl for the past seven months. Although there is an understanding between us that either of us can go out with someone else, neither of us has. After reading your answers about going steady, I was wondering if I should purposely stop taking her out, although I am very much in love with her. She is 17 and I am 21."

"No One Else," S.A.

I think you're quite old enough to make up your own mind about this.

Judo crush

"I GO to judo classes—mixed—and a very nice boy goes, too. Some girls in my school class are holding a casual evening soon and are inviting some boys. Do you think it would be all right to ask this boy at judo? My mother says it would be all right, but she is worried about how he would get home."

"Pondering," Vic.

I think it would be very nice to ask your judo friend. Getting home after the party is his worry. It may mean he is unable to come, but it is always nice to be asked, even if you have to refuse.

Office gossip

"THERE is a girl at work who wants to know about everything that goes on in the office. The trouble is whenever she hears anything she goes and tells another girl. The other day my girl-friend, who sits next to me (I am 17), was talking fairly loudly to me and this girl heard us. The next thing she was repeating our conversation to someone else. What will I do?"

"What Next?" Vic.

Make sure she doesn't overhear anything that won't bear repeating. Keep your private conversations with your girl-friend until lunchtime.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

HAMLET:

LIKE, AS WE LIKE IT!

● Our "beat" cartoonist Lovell Jones and columnist Robin Adair combined (conspired?) to present this version of William Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Here's their Midsummer's Nightmare . . .



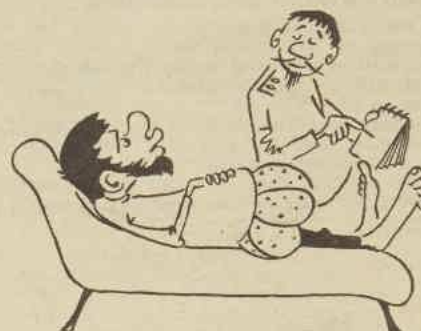
ACT I

Although I'm Hamlet,
Prince of all the Danes,
Like any other cat I have
my growing pains.
And what particularly
bugs me
is: "To be, or not to be?"



ACT II

Like, my Big Daddy, King and a big wheel,
Got himself murdered, with a poison deal.
And I see his ghost after the fatal scrim-
mage
(Or, have I a neurotic father image?)



ACT III

I said to my head-shrinker, "Dad,
"My Uncle Claudius married Mum, and is
top lad.
"Although, from my ghostly old man I hear,
"Same uncle poured the poison in his ear."



ACT V

In old Horatio, of course,
I have a friend
Who will support me
unto the bitter end.
Although we are from
different social sta-
tions,
His grip is good on
domestic relations.



ACT VII

So, I blew upon a trumpet — man, so
cool!
That my uncle (who'd considered me a
fool)
Dug my music so (the fahs and dos),
He frenziedly curled up and, to death,
froze.



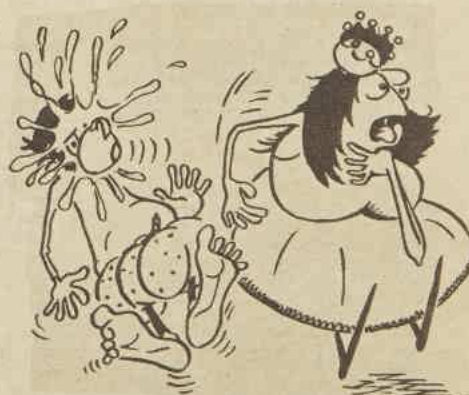
ACT IV

I dunno: whether it is nobler
in the mind to suffer,
Or to take life's knocks like
any other duffer.



ACT VI

Howe'er, there's still to be
or not to be;
What to do about my
wicked uncle C.
"Avenge me, kid," says
my ghostly oracle,
Make the man like me —
phantasmagorical!"



ACT VIII

To the evil Queen I slipped a Micky
Finn
When for a quiet espresso I asked
her in.
Alas, poor Yorick, and to be or not
to be —
I poisoned her with (frantic!) a
cup of TEA!

Make your bosom prettier

● If a girl wants to measure up to the lines of a glamor sweater (such as the one featured on our cover, with how-to-make directions below) she needs a firm, rounded bosom.

EXAGGERATED uplift is out. The beau ideal of shapeliness is a gentle, pretty curve that looks very natural.

Fortunately, there are simple ways of improving the bosom that's less than perfect if you start off with good health, a sensible diet, and, oddly enough, a cheerful and positive outlook on life.

Bosom beauty is as much a matter of condition and tone as it is of size. If the bosom is firm and high, proportion is secondary.

At the same time, it is true that a large bosom will tend to lose shape and firmness

more easily than a small one and measures should be taken to prevent this by posture, exercises, and by wearing from girlhood a properly fitted brassiere.

Firmness depends on and is maintained by the strength of the pectoral muscles. The breasts themselves are composed of fatty and fibrous tissue almost entirely, plus a small amount of glandular tissue — these determine their size.

Will exercise help? Yes, if you really persevere and are patient about results. Below are a round half-dozen of simple exercises that will improve your bosom if you give them a chance to do so. Don't expect miracle results, though.

Exercise, oddly enough, will improve both the oversized and undersized bosoms.

Correct sitting and standing — head up, chest up, and ribs expanded — are important factors in developing and keeping a pretty bosom.

A properly chosen, correctly fitted brassiere is, without doubt, the quickest and cheapest way to a better figure. A really good one supports from below and not by strap-hanging. If you are under-endowed, it should certainly have some padding.

By Carolyn Earle



DEEP breathing. Breathe in deeply so that upper thorax (ribs just below bust) is filled. Breathe out slowly. To control speed, hum a tune.



SWIMMING is a fine bust exercise, especially the breast-stroke. It develops and strengthens muscles. Even swimming movements help.



REACHING high. Stand easily, feet slightly apart, arms held with palms forward. Rise on toes as you raise arms, with palms inward.



SHOULDER shrugging. Stand easily, then, keeping your muscles very supple, shrug shoulders well up and back, first singly, then together.



WINDMILL. Stand with heels about three inches apart, raise arms full height, palms upward. Rotate arms round from shoulder joints.



BENDING. With heels about three inches apart, link hands and raise them above head. Bend sideways from waist, first left, then right.

Fair Isle pattern for Fair Ladies

● Tops for parties, our cover sweater is pretty and eye-catching. It's knitted in easy, easy stocking-stitch with Fair Isle sleeves. Get those needles clicking—and team it with a flared skirt for that next big date.

Materials: 7 (8, 9) balls Villawool Nylo Ply main color (m.c.); 1 ball each of 3 colors; 1½ yds. ¼ in.-wide velvet ribbon; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 13 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust.

Tension: 7½ sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles and m.c., cast on 104 (110, 116) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 7th and every 6th row thereafter until 120 (128, 136) sts. Cont. until work measures 12 in. (or length required), ending on a p row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 3 (5, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k to the last 5 sts., k 2 tog., t.h.l., k 3. Rep. last 2 rows until 68 sts. rem. (all sizes).

Ribbonhole Row: K 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6, rep. until 7 sts. rem., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2 tog. t.h.l., k 3. Cont. raglan shaping until 60 sts. rem. (all sizes). Work 1 row, leave on holder.

FRONT

Work as for back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and m.c., cast on 96 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 3, k into front and back

of next st., rep. to last 4 sts., k 4 (119 sts.).

Cont. in st-st. for 10 (12, 14) rows, ending on a p row.

Work from graph 35 rows, beg. and ending with 3 g-sts. in c.c. Cont. in m.c. with g-st. each end as before for 7 (9, 11) rows.

1st Dec. Row: K 3, k 2 tog., rep. to last 4 sts., k 4 (96 sts.).

Work 3 (5, 7) rows.

Ribbonhole Row: K 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6, rep. to last 5 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3.

Work 3 rows.

2nd Dec. Row: K 1, k 2 tog., rep. to end.

Work 1 row (64 sts.).

3rd Dec. Row: K 2, k 2 tog., rep. to end.

Work 1 row (48 sts.). Leave sts. on holder.

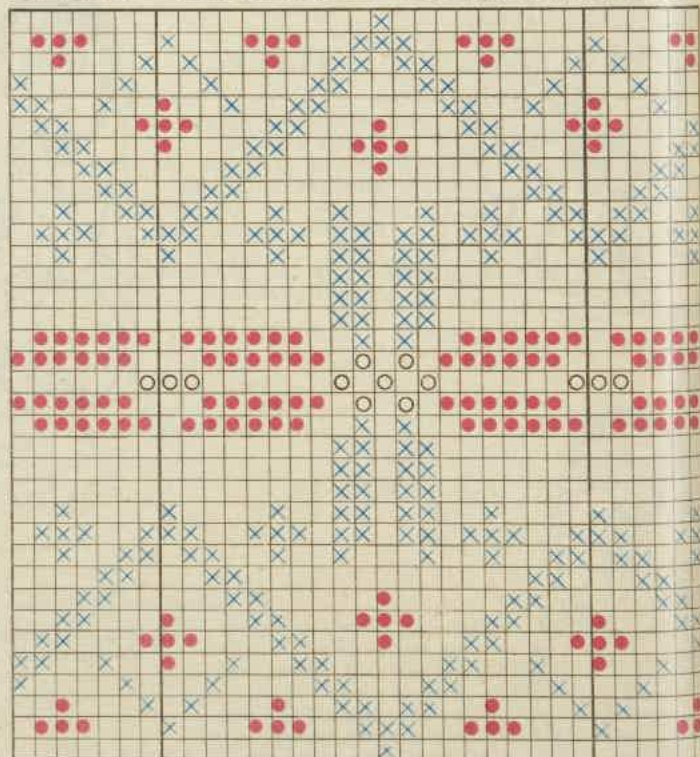
TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back stitch sew up three raglan seams. Press seams.

NECKBAND

Using No. 13 needles and m.c., k sts. from holders. Cont. in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in.

Cast off loosely ribwise. Sew up neckband ends and rem. raglan seam, side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Thread ribbon through holes.



REPEAT THESE 20 STITCHES

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 30, 1961

LISTEN HERE —with Kirsten Ward

Jazz group on the bandwagon

● The Port Jackson Jazz Band is well known, well loved, and as much a part of Sydney as the Harbor Bridge.

SINCE the end of the war, and the beginning of the Port Jackson group, jazz-loving locals and tourists have tracked to the new nightspots where the modern sounds could be heard in the right atmosphere.

Ray Price, guitarist and leader of the band (numbering seven) and of its quartet, has formed a company, Dixie Records, to catch the train that's bringing true jazz to the popular markets.

The company's first single, featuring the quartet, has already been picked as record of the month by one of the biggest jukebox firms in Australia.

"The African Queen," its main number, is adapted from a tune played on a tin whistle in the jazz spots of West Africa. The tune's catchy and the sound has what is most important in people and in music—personality.

On the reverse, Dick Hughes sings "St. James Infirmary." Though originally an 18th-century English folk-song, it has come to be classed over the years as a negro blues.

Dick Hughes, pianist in the group, sings as if he can hardly get the words out, somewhat in the style of Louis Armstrong. That may sound horrible, but I assure you it isn't.

The quartet is planning to tour major Australian towns soon in conjunction with the Apex Clubs.

SOME time next March wedding bells will toll for "Pee Wee" Wilson, of the Deltones, and his fiancée, Carmel Jackson, 18, of Paddington. Carmel has chosen her wedding dress—the one worn by London socialite Henrietta Tiarks, and featured on the July 5 cover of The Australian Women's Weekly.

REYNA CARON is very down in the dumps. She has trained for years and years at the Sydney Conservatorium to develop her voice to what it is now—clear, pure, and gentle.

Now she's being advised to "roughen up" her voice a little, to deepen it, and to make it not so "good."

There's a new record on the way, and Reyna says she's going to have a go at jazz-type singing and perhaps calypso.

IT came up in conversation with Mike Dean, the 28-year-old compere of Teentime on Sydney's Channel 7, that he was the fellow who gave Johnny Devlin his first break.

Michael said he was trying to rake some money together a few years ago (he was still in New Zealand then), and he and a friend ran a concert.

"We'd heard of a boy from Wanganui who could imitate Elvis Presley, so for £22/2- we

LIFE ON THE OCEAN CRIME WAVE!

● Why do they say that a policeman's lot is not a happy one?

FROM what I can gather, being a Portuguese policeman can be quite a cop job—literally!

You see, apparently in Portugal bikinis and girls' too-revealing one-piece swimsuits are illegal.

If a girl appears in public wearing a bikini she can be fined up to £60. Regulations on beach-wear are prominently posted along the Portuguese coast during the summer.

Any female costumes, the regulations further specify, must not be cut "immodestly low" in front or be considered indecent because of their "transparency" or "excessive elasticity."

While these regulations are not much fun for the girls—or the boys!—somebody surely gets a kick out of them.

I refer, of course, to the police who enforce the law.

Special squads patrol the beaches keeping

the long eye (there's no arm in it) of the law on beautiful bathers.

And police also descend, armed with tape-measures, regularly on Lisbon shopkeepers to ensure they are not selling bikinis or "indecent" beach-wear.

Presumably, one of the most common reasons for a cop to take a girl into custody (I almost said make a "pinch," tch, tch!) is her bikini's vagrancy—having no visible means of support!

A cop on the beach, however, would have to be careful when he made an arrest. No nice girl lets a strange man "put the arm on" her. So the policeman might get his handcuffed!

And consider the predicament of a policeman who takes in lasses for revealing too much of a certain vital statistic.

They enter pleas of insanity (not all theirs!) What do police do—regard the cases as false arrest? Or put the girls in padded cells?

There could, of course, be a television detective series made about beach public eyes.

Called "The Unwearables," it could star a hero named Elegant Mess. Or it could be called Surfside Six(es and sevens).

An offbeat show, however, could feature a girl who rebels against the laws.

This might be labelled "Have Woollen Neck-to-Knee—Will Unravel!"

That show would be a Hawaiian Eyeful!

Talking again about the real thing, there appears to be no room for plainclothes detection in this field. For, in Portugal, male beach-wear, too, is very carefully vetted.

The application of this rule to police work is obvious. For you couldn't have a policeman who is trunk and disorderly.

—Robin Adair

hired him," he said. "Johnny was getting £7 a week as a bank clerk at the time."

These days Johnny gets about £25 for each performance.

Michael Dean eventually made enough money. He went to South Africa, where he lived for 18 months, working as a journalist, and he has been in Australia for 18 months.

I'VE tapped my foot many times to the way-out jazz of the Three Out group at Sydney's El Rocco jazz cellar—and now they've the whole of London doing the same. They have been making some controversial comments about the English jazz musicians—but they have won respect rather than dislike. The Three Out will appear on TV in Paris and Holland, too.

Local talent: They say the best things come in small parcels. Judy Stone is only 4ft. 10in., and her debut disc rings true and sound. "You're Driving me Mad" (Festival 45) is hereby voted a hit. The flip is slower, not quite so interesting—"Danger, Heartbreak Ahead."

IT seems silly to buy the little single-play records on which you get only two songs for about 10/-, when you can get four on an EP for about 15/-. Lonnie Lee fans, who'll be missing him while he's away on his Eastern tour, can console themselves with four of his best on the Leedon EP, "I Found A New Love."

BEHIND the simple name and sweet singing of Patricia Smith lies a big story. Patricia has been crippled since birth. Many will remember her from her tour with Johnnie Ray a few years ago. Now there's a (Rex EP) record—"Over the Rainbow"—that will delight older listeners, but probably won't cross the border into teen territory.

Pops: They call Anne Magret "the animal," and her act's said to outswivel Elvis Presley, but this Swedish girl pulls at the heartstrings with her bluesy "I Just Don't Understand," and tugs some more with "I Don't Hurt Any More" (R.C.A. 45).

"SWANEE River Rocket" is a throbbing instrumental which for some reason appeals to me. I'll be keeping it by for parties. It's by Jimmy Elledge, who sings "Send Me A Letter" on the flip. I prefer him without the voice. (R.C.A. 45).

WORTH HEARING

Renaissance and Baroque music

RECORD collectors who like to get a little off the beaten track will be interested in two fascinating discs of earlier music released by Festival.

Both of these are the work of the New York Pro Musica, which (under conductor Noah Greenberg) specialises in performing the music of older times as it was intended to be played, using the instruments of the period.

The first of the two records presents the music of Josquin de Pres, one of the greatest composers living around the year 1500.

The greater part of the disc is taken up with a moving setting of the Mass (the Missa Pange Lingua).

There are also some shorter vocal pieces and some instrumental pieces played by the cheerful, rough-toned cornetts and shawms which musicians of those days used for festive, outdoor music.

The other record, "Music of the Early German Baroque," introduces two 17th-century German composers, Heinrich Schutz and Melchior Franck. The instruments are the softer, indoor ones—recorders, lute, viol, and harpsichord.

—Martin Long



THE PORT JACKSON JAZZ QUARTET. From left, Ray Price (guitar), Dick Hughes (pianist and vocalist), John Macarthy (clarinet), and John Costello (trombone).



Sandra

MIKE asked Sandra to marry him, but Sandra was still hoping that Gerald might pluck up enough courage to defy his family's opposition. Then she is asked to model a trousseau—for the bride-to-be of Gerald Radnace! Sandra faints during the parade. NOW READ ON

by Bill Sawyer

